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THE

JACK O'LANTERN;

(LE FEU-FOLLET;)

OR,

THE PRIVATEER.

BY

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"THE PILOT," "THE SPY," "THE TWO ADMIRALS," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

JACK O'LANTERN

(LE FEU-FOLLET).

CHAPTER I.

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon 's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.

The Island.

THE dawning of day on the morning which succeeded was a moment of great interest on board the different English ships which then lay off the Gulf of Salerno. Cuffe and Lyon were called, according to especial orders left by themselves, while even Sir Frederick Dashwood allowed himself to be awakened, to hear the report of the officer of the deck. The first was up full half-an-hour before the light appeared. He even went into the main-top

again, in order to get as early and as wide a survey of the horizon as he wished. Griffin went aloft with him, and, together they stood leaning against the top-mast rigging, watching the slow approach of those rays which gradually diffused themselves over the whole of a panorama as bewitching as the hour and the lovely accessories of an Italian landscape could render it.

"I see nothing *in-shore*," exclaimed Cuffe, in a tone of disappointment, when the light permitted a tolerable view of the coast. "If she should be *outside* of us, our work will be only half done!"

"There is a white speck close in with the land, sir," returned Griffin; "here, in the direction of those ruins, of which our gentlemen that have been round in the boats to look at tell such marvels; I believe, however, it is only a felucca or a sparanara. There is a peak to the sail that does not look lugger-fashion."

"What is this, off here at the north-west, Griffin? Is it too large for the Le Few-Folly?"

"That must be the Terpsichore, sir. It's

just where she *ought* to be, as I understand the orders; and, I suppose, Sir Frederick has carried her there. But yonder 's a sail, in the northern board, which may turn out to be the lugger; she 's fairly within Campanella, and is not far from the north shore of the bay."

"By George! that *must* be she; Monsieur Yvard has kept her skulking round and about Amalfi all this time! Let us go down and set everything that will draw at once, sir."

In two minutes Griffin was on deck, hauling the yards, and clearing away to make sail. As usual, the wind was light at the southward again, and the course would be nearly before it. Studding-sail booms were to be run out, the sails set, and the ship's head laid to the northward, keeping a little to seaward of the chase. At this moment the Proserpine had the Point of Piane, and the little village of Abate, nearly abeam. The ship might have been going four knots through the water, and the distance across the mouth of the bay was something like thirty miles. Of course, eight hours would be necessary to carry the frigate over the intervening space,

should the wind stand, as it probably would not, at that season of the year. A week later, and strong southerly winds might be expected, but that week was as interminable as an age, for any present purpose.

Half-an-hour's trial satisfied all on the deck of the Proserpine that the chase was keeping off, like themselves, and that she was standing towards the mountains of Amalfi. Her progress, too, was about equal to that of the frigate, for, dead before the wind, the latter ship was merely a good sailer; her great superiority commencing only when she brought the breeze forward of the beam. It had been supposed that the stranger, when first seen, was about fifteen miles distant, his canvass appearing both small and shapeless; but some doubts now began to be entertained, equally as to his rig, his size, and his distance. If a large or a lofty vessel, of course he must be materially farther off, and if a large or lofty vessel it could not be Le Feu-Follet.

The other frigate took her cue from the Proserpine, and stood across for the northern side of the gulf; a certain proof that nothing was visible from her mast-heads, to lead her

in any other direction. Two hours, however, satisfied all on board the latter ship that they were on a wrong scent, and that the vessel to-leeward was their own consort, the sloop; Lyon having, in his eagerness to get the prize before she could be seen from the other ships, carried the Ringdove quite within the bay, and thus misled Cuffe and Sir Frederick.

"There can be no longer any doubt!" exclaimed the captain of the Proserpine, dropping his glass with vexation too strongly painted in his manner to be mistaken; "that it is a ship; and, as you say, Winchester, it must be the Ringdove; though what the devil Lyon is doing away in there with her, unless he sees something close under the land, is more than I can tell. As there is clearly nothing in this quarter, we will stand on, and take a look for ourselves."

This nearly destroyed the hope of success. The officers began to suspect that their look-out on Campanella had been deceived, and that what he had supposed to be a lugger, was, in truth, a felucca, or perhaps a xebec, a craft which might well be mistaken for a lugger, at the distance of a few leagues. The error,

however, was with those in the ship. The officer sent upon the heights was a shrewd, practised master's-mate, who knew everything about his profession which properly came within his line, and knew little else. But for a habit of drinking, he would long since have been a lieutenant, being in truth an older sailor than Winchester; but, satisfied of his own infirmity, and coming from a class in life in which preferment was viewed as a God-send, rather than as a right, he had long settled down into the belief that he was to live and die in his present station, thereby losing most of the desire to rise. The name of this man was Clinch. In consequence of his long experience within the circle of his duties, his opinion was greatly respected by his superiors, when he was sober; and, as he had the precaution not to be otherwise when engaged on service, his weakness seldom brought him into any serious difficulties. Cuffe, as a last hope, had sent him up on the heights of Campanella, with a perfect conviction that if anything were really in sight he would not fail to see it. All this confidence, however, had now ended in disappointment; and, half-an-hour later, when it

was announced to Cuffe that "the cutter, with Mr. Clinch, was coming down the Bay towards them," the former even heard the name of his drunken favourite with disgust. As was usual with him, when out of humour, he went below, as the boat drew near, leaving orders for her officer to be sent down to him the instant the latter got on board. Five minutes later Clinch thrust his hard-looking, weather-beaten, but handsome red countenance in at the cabin-door.

"Well, sir," commenced the Captain, on a tolerably high key, "a d—d pretty wild-goose chase you've sent us all on, down here, into this bay! The southerly wind is failing already, and in half-an-hour the ships will be frying the pitch off their decks, without a breath of air: when the wind does come it will come out at west, and bring us all four or five leagues dead to leeward!"

Clinch's experience had taught him the useful man-of-war lesson, to bow to the tempest, and not to attempt to brave it. Whenever he was "rattled-down," as he called it, he had the habit of throwing an expression of surprise, comically blended with contrition, into

his countenance, which seemed to say, "what have I done, now?"—or, "if I have done anything amiss, you see how sorry I am for it." He met his irritated commander on the present occasion with this expression, and it produced the usual effect of mollifying him a little.

"Well, sir; explain this matter, if you please," continued Cuffe, after a moment's hesitation.

"Will you please to tell me, sir, what you wish explained?" inquired Clinch, throwing more surprise than common, even, into his countenance.

"That is an extraordinary question, Mr. Clinch! I wish the signal you made from yonder head-land explained, sir. Did you not signal the ship, to say that you saw the Le Few-Folly down here, at the southward?"

"Well, sir, I 'm glad that there was no mistake in the matter," answered Clinch, in a confident and a relieved manner. "I *was* afraid at first, Captain Cuffe, that my signal had not been understood."

"Understood! How could it be mistaken? You showed a black ball, for 'the lugger's in sight.' You 'll not deny that, I trust?"

"No, sir; one black ball, for 'the lugger's in sight.' That 's just what I did show, Captain Cuffe."

"And *three* black balls together, for 'she bears due south from Capri.' What do you say to *that?*"

"All right, sir. Three black balls together, for 'she bears due south from Capri.' I didn't tell the distance, Captain Cuffe, because Mr. Winchester gave me no signals for that."

"And these signals you kept showing every half-hour, as long as it was light; even until the Proserpine was off."

"All according to orders, Captain Cuffe, as Mr. Winchester will tell you. I was to repeat every half-hour, as long as the lugger was in sight, and the day lasted."

"Ay, sir; but you were not ordered to send us after a jack o'lantern, or to mistake some xebec or other from one of the Greek islands, for a light, handy French lugger."

"Nor did I, Captain Cuffe, begging your pardon, sir. I signalled the Few-Folly, and nothing else, I give you my word for it."

Cuffe looked hard at the master's-mate for

half a minute, and his ire insensibly lessened as he gazed.

"You are too old a seaman, Clinch, not to know what you were about! If you saw the privateer, be good enough to tell us what has become of her?"

"That is more than I can say, Captain Cuffe, though *see* her I did; and that so plainly as to be able to make out her jigger, even. You know, sir, we shot away her jigger-mast in the chase off Elba, and she got a new one that steves for'rard uncommonly. I noticed *that* when we fell in with her in the canal of Piombino; and seeing it again, could not but know it. But there's no mistaking the saucy Folly, for them that has once seen her; and I am certain we made her out, about four leagues to the southward of the cape, at the time I first signalled."

"Four leagues!—I had thought she must be at least eight or ten, and kept off that distance, to get her in the net. Why did you not let us know her distance?"

"Had no signals for that, Captain Cuffe."

"Well, then, why not send a boat to tell us the fact?"

"Had no orders, sir. Was told by Mr. Winchester just to signal the lugger and her bearings; and this, you must own, Captain Cuffe, we did plain enough. Besides, sir—"

"Well; besides *what?*" demanded the Captain, observing that the master's-mate hesitated.

"Why, sir, how was I to know that any one in the ship would think a lugger *could* be seen eight or ten leagues? That 's a long bit of water, sir; and it would take a heavy ship's spars to rise high enough for such a sight."

"The land you were on, Clinch, was much loftier than any vessel's spars."

"Quite true, sir; but not lofty enough for that, Captain Cuffe. That I saw the Folly I 'm as certain as I am of being in this cabin."

"What has become of her, then? You perceive she is not in the Bay now."

"I suppose, Captain Cuffe, that she stood in until near enough for her purpose, and that she must have hauled off the land, after night set in. There was plenty of room for her to pass out to sea again between the two frigates, and not be seen in the dark."

This conjecture was so plausible as to sa-

tisfy Cuffe; and yet it was not the fact. Clinch had made Le Feu-Follet, from his elevated post, to the southward, as his signal had said; and he was right in all his statements about her, until darkness concealed her movements. Instead of passing out of the Bay, as he imagined, however, she had hauled up within a quarter of a league of Campanella, doubled that point, brushed along the coast to the northward of it, fairly within the Bay of Naples, and pushed out to sea, between Capri and Ischia; going direct athwart the anchorage the men-of-war had so recently quitted, in order to do so.

When Raoul quitted his vessel, he ordered her to stand directly off the land, just keeping Ischia and Capri in view, lying-to under her jigger. As this was low sail, and a lugger shows so little aloft, it was a common expedient with cruisers of that rig, when they wished to escape observation. Monsieur Pintard, Raoul's first-lieutenant, had expected a signal from his commander at the very spot where Clinch had taken his station; but seeing none, he had swept along the coast, after dark, in the hope of discovering his position

by the burning of a blue-light. Failing of this, however, he went off the land again, in time to get an offing before the return of day, and to save the wind. It was the boldness of the manœuvre that saved the lugger; Lyon going out through the pass between Capri and Campanella, about twenty minutes before Pintard brushed close round the rocks under his jigger and jib only, anxiously looking out for a signal from his captain. The Frenchmen saw the sloop-of-war quite plainly, and, by the aid of their night-glasses, ascertained her character; mistaking her, however, for another ship, bound to Sicily or Malta; while their own vessel escaped observation, owing to the little sail she carried, the want of hamper, and her situation so near the land, which gave her a back-ground of rocks. Clinch had not seen the movements of the lugger after dark, in consequence of his retiring to the village of St. Agata to seek lodgings, as soon as he perceived that his own ship had gone to sea, and left him and his boat's crew behind. The following morning, when he made the ship to the southward, he pushed off, and pulled towards his proper vessel, as related.

"Where did you pass the night, Clinch?" demanded the Captain, after they had discussed the probabilities of the lugger's escape. "Not on the heights, under the canopy of heaven?"

"On the heights, and under the great canopy that has covered us both so often, Captain Cuffe; but with a good Neapolitan mud-roof between it and my head. As soon as it was dark, and I saw that the ship was off, I found a village named St. Agata, which stands on the heights, just abeam of those rocks they call the Sirens, and there we were well berthed until morning."

"You are lucky in bringing back all the boat's crew, Clinch. You know it 's low-water with us as to men, just now; and our fellows are not all to be trusted ashore, in a country which is full of stone walls, good wine, and pretty girls."

"I always take a set of regular steady-ones with me, Captain Cuffe; I haven't lost a man from a boat these five years."

"You must have some secret, then, worth knowing; for even the admirals sometimes lose their barge-men. I dare say, now, yours are all married chaps, who hold on to their wives,

as so many sheet-anchors; they say that is often a good expedient."

"Not at all, sir. I did try that, till I found that half the fellows would run to get rid of their wives. The Portsmouth and Plymouth marriages don't always bring large estates with them, sir, and the bridegrooms like to cut adrift at the end of the honey-moon. Don't you remember when we were in the Blenheim together, sir, we lost eleven of the launch's crew at one time; and nine of them turned out to be vagabonds, sir, who deserted their weeping wives and suffering families at home!"

"Now you mention it, I do remember something of the sort; draw a chair, Clinch, and take a glass of grog. Tim, put a bottle of Jamaica before Mr. Clinch. I have heard it said that you are married yourself, my gallant master's-mate?"

"Lord! Captain Cuffe, that's one of the young gentlemen's stories! If a body believed all they say, the Christian religion would soon get athwart-hawse, and mankind be all adrift in their morals," answered Clinch, smacking his lips after a very grateful draught. "We've a regular set of high-flyers aboard

this ship at this blessed minute, Captain Cuffe, sir, and Mr. Winchester has his hands full of them! I often wonder at his patience, sir."

"We were young once ourselves, Clinch, and ought to be indulgent to the follies of youth. But, what sort of a berth did you find last night upon the rocks yonder?"

"Why, sir, as good as one can expect out of Old England. I fell in with an elderly woman, calling herself Giuntotardi — which is regular-built Italian, isn't it, sir?"

"That it is—but, you speak the language, I believe, Clinch?"

"Why, sir, I've been drifting about the world so long, that I speak a little of everything, finding it convenient when I stand in need of victuals and drink. The old lady on the hill and I overhauled a famous yarn between us, sir. It seems that she has a niece and a brother at Naples, who ought to have been back the night before last; and she was in lots of tribulation about them, wanting to know if our ship had seen anything of the rovers?"

"By George! Clinch, you were on soundings, there, had you but known it! Our prisoner has been in that part of the world, and

we might get some clue to his manœuvres by questioning the old woman closely. I hope you parted good friends?"

"The best in the world, Captain Cuffe. No one that feeds and lodges *me* well, need dread me as an enemy."

"I 'll warrant it! That 's the reason you are so loyal, Clinch."

The hard, red face of the master's-mate worked a little, and, though he could not well look all sorts of colours, he looked all ways but in his captain's eye. It was now ten years since he ought to have been a lieutenant, having once actually outranked Cuffe, in the way of date of service at least; and his conscience told him two things quite distinctly; first, the fact of his long and weary probation; and second, that it was, in a great degree, his own fault.

"I love his Majesty, sir," Clinch observed, after giving a gulp, "and I never lay anything which goes hard with myself to his account. Still, memory will be memory; and spite of all I can do, sir, I sometimes remember what I *might* have been, as well as what I *am*. If his Majesty *does* feed me, it is with the spoon

of a master's-mate; and if he *does* lodge me, it is in the cockpit."

"I have been your shipmate often, and for years at a time," answered Cuffe, good-naturedly, though a little in the manner of a superior; "and no one knows your history better. It is not your friends who have failed you at need, so much as a certain enemy with whom you will insist on associating, though he harms those most who love him best."

"Ay, ay, sir—that can't be denied, Captain Cuffe; yet it 's a hard life that passes altogether without hope."

This was uttered with an expression of melancholy which said more for Clinch's character than Cuffe had witnessed in the man for years, and it revived many early impressions in his favour. Clinch and he had once been messmates even, and though years of a decided disparity in rank had since interposed their barrier of etiquette and feeling, Cuffe never could entirely forget the circumstance.

"It is hard indeed to live, as you say, without hope," returned the Captain; "but hope *ought* to be the last thing to die. You should make one more rally, Clinch, before you throw up in despair."

"It's not so much for myself, Captain Cuffe, that I mind it, as for some that live ashore. My father was as reputable a tradesman as there was in Plymouth, and when he got me on the quarter-deck he thought he was about to make a gentleman of me, instead of leaving me to pass a life in a situation which may be said to be even beneath what his own was."

"Now you undervalue your station, Clinch. The berth of a master's-mate, in one of his Majesty's finest frigates, is something to be proud of; I was once a master's-mate—nay, Nelson has doubtless filled the same station. For that matter, one of his Majesty's own sons may have gone through the rank."

"Ay, gone *through* it, as you say, sir," returned Clinch, with a husky voice. "It does well enough for them that go *through* it, but it's death to them that *stick*. It's a feather in a midshipman's cap to be rated a mate; but it's no honour to be a mate at my time of life, Captain Cuffe."

"What is your age, Clinch? — You are not much my senior."

"Your senior, sir!—The difference in our years is not as great as in our rank, certainly,

though I never shall see thirty-two again. But it's not so much *that*, after all, as the thoughts of my poor mother, who set her heart on seeing me with his Majesty's commission in my pocket; and of another, who set her heart on one that I'm afraid was never worthy her affection."

"This is new to me, Clinch," returned the Captain, with interest. "One so seldom thinks of a master's-mate marrying that the idea of your being in that way has never crossed my mind, except in the manner of a joke."

"Master's-mates *have* married, Captain Cuffe, and they have ended in being very miserable. But Jane, as well as myself, has made up her mind to live single, unless we can see brighter prospects before us than what my present hopes afford."

"Is it quite right, Jack, to keep a poor young woman towing along in this uncertainty during the period of life when her chances for making a good connexion are the best?"

Clinch stared at his commander, until his eyes filled with tears. The glass had not touched his lips since the conversation took its present direction; and the usual, hard, settled

character of his face was becoming expressive, once more, with human emotions.

"It 's not my fault, Captain Cuffe," he answered, in a low voice; "it 's now quite six years since I insisted on her giving me up, but she wouldn't hear of the thing. A very respectable attorney wished to have her, and I even prayed her to accept his offer; and the only unkind glance I ever got from her eye was when she heard me make a request which she told me sounded impiously, almost, to her ears. She would be a sailor's wife, or die a maid."

"The girl has, unfortunately, got some romantic notions concerning the profession, Clinch, and they are ever the hardest to be convinced of what is for their own good."

"Jane Weston! — Not she, sir; there is not so much romance about her as in the fly-leaves of a prayer-book. She is all *heart*, poor Jane! and how I came to get such a hold of it, Captain Cuffe, is a great mystery to myself. I certainly do not *deserve* half her affection, and I now begin to despair of ever being able to repay her for it."

Clinch was still a handsome man, though

exposure and his habits had made some inroads on a countenance which by nature was frank, open, and prepossessing. It now expressed the anguish that occasionally came over his heart, as the helplessness of his situation presented itself fully to his mind. Cuffe's feelings were touched, for he remembered the time when they were messmates, with a future before them which promised no more to the one than to the other, the difference in the chances which birth afforded the captain alone excepted. Clinch was a prime seaman, and as brave as a lion too; qualities which secured to him a degree of respect, that his occasional self-forgetfulness had never entirely forfeited. Some persons thought him the most skilful mariner the Proserpine contained; and perhaps this was true, if the professional skill were confined strictly to the handling of a ship, or to taking care of her on critical occasions. All these circumstances induced Cuffe to enter more closely into the master-mate's present distress than he might otherwise have done. Instead of shoving the bottle to him, however, as if conscious how much disappointed hope had already driven

the other to its indiscreet use, he pushed it gently aside, and taking his old messmate's hand, with a momentary forgetfulness of the difference in rank, he said in a tone of kindness and confidence, which had long been strangers to Clinch's ears—

"Jack, my honest fellow, there is good stuff in you yet, if you will only give it fair play. Make a manly rally, respect yourself for a few months, and something will turn up which will yet give you your Jane, and gladden your old mother's heart."

There are periods in the lives of men when a few kind words, backed by a friendly act or two, might save thousands of human beings from destruction. Such was the crisis in the fate of Clinch. He had almost given up hope, though it did occasionally revive in him whenever he got a cheering letter from the constant Jane, who pertinaciously refused to believe anything to his prejudice, and religiously abstained from all reproaches. But it is necessary to understand the influence of rank, on board a man-of-war, fully to comprehend the effect which was now produced on the master's-mate by the captain's

language and manner. Tears streamed out of the eyes of Clinch, and he grasped the hand of his commander, almost convulsively.

"What can I do, sir? Captain Cuffe, what can I do?" he exclaimed. "My duty is never neglected; but there *are* moments of despair when I find the burthen too hard to be borne, without calling upon the bottle for support."

"Whenever a man drinks with such a motive, Clinch, I would advise him to abstain altogether. He cannot trust himself; and that which he terms his friend is, in truth, his direst enemy. Refuse your rations, even; determine to be free. One week, nay, one day, may give a strength which will enable you to conquer, by leaving your reason unimpaired. Absence from the ship has accidentally befriended you, for the little you have taken here has not been sufficient to do any harm. We are now engaged on a most interesting duty, and I will throw service into your way which may be of importance to you. Get your name once fairly in a despatch, and your commission is safe. Nelson loves to prefer old tars; and nothing would make him happier than to be able to

serve *you*. Put it in my power to ask it of him, and I 'll answer for the result. Something may yet come out of your visit to the cottage of this woman; and do you be mindful to keep yourself in fortune's way."

"God bless you, Captain Cuffe; God bless you, sir!" answered Clinch, nearly choked,—"I 'll endeavour to do as you wish."

"Remember Jane and your mother. With such a woman dependent for her happiness on his existence, a man must be a brute not to struggle hard."

Clinch groaned, for Cuffe probed his wound deep, though it was done with an honest desire to cure. After wiping the perspiration from his face, and writhing on his chair, however, he recovered a little of his self-command, and became comparatively composed.

"If a friend could only point out the way by which I might recover some of the lost ground," said he, "my gratitude to him would last as long as life, Captain Cuffe."

"Here is an opening then, Clinch. Nelson attaches as much importance to our catching this lugger as he ever did to falling in with a fleet. The officer who is serviceable on this

occasion may be sure of being remembered, and I will give you every chance in my power. Go, dress yourself in your best; make yourself look as you know you can; then be ready for boat-service. I have some duty for you now, which will be but the beginning of good luck, if you only remain true to your mother, to Jane, and to yourself."

A new life was infused into Clinch. For years he had been overlooked; apparently forgotten, except when thorough seamanship was required; and even his experiment of getting transferred to a vessel commanded by an old messmate had seemingly failed. Here was a change, however, and a ray, brighter than common, shone athwart the darkness of his future. Even Cuffe was struck with the cheerfulness of his countenance, and the alacrity of the master's-mate's movements, and he reproached himself with having so long been indifferent to the best interests of one who certainly had some claims on his friendship. Still, there was nothing unusual in the present relations between these old messmates. Favoured by family and friends, Cuffe had never been permitted to fall into despondency,

and had pursued his career successfully and with spirit; while the other, unsupported, and failing of any immediate opportunity for getting ahead, had fallen into evil ways, and had become, by slow degrees, the man he was. Such instances as the latter are of not unfrequent occurrence even in a marine in which promotion is as regular as in the American service, though it is rare indeed that a man recovers his lost ground, when placed in circumstances so trying.

In half an hour Clinch was ready, dressed in his best. The gentlemen of the quarter-deck saw all these preparations with surprise; for, of late, the master's-mate had seldom been seen in that part of the ship at all. But, in a man-of-war, discipline is a matter of faith, and no one presumed to ask questions. Clinch was closeted with the Captain for a few minutes, received his orders, and went over the ship's side with a cheerful countenance, actually entering the Captain's gig, the fastest rowing boat of the ship. As soon as seated, he shoved off, and held his way towards the point of Campanella, then distant about three leagues. No one knew whither he was bound, though

all believed it was on duty which related to the lugger, and duty which required a seaman's judgment. As for Cuffe, his manner, which had begun to be uneasy and wandering, became more composed when he saw his old messmate fairly off, and that too at a rate which would carry him even to Naples in the course of a few hours, should his voyage happen to be so long.

CHAPTER II.

His honour 's link'd
Unto his life; he that will seek the one
Must venture for the other, or lose both.
TATHAM.

It was now certain that Le Feu-Follet was not in the Bay of Salerno. By means of the lofty spars of the ship, and the aid of glasses, the whole coast had been effectually surveyed, and no signs of such a craft were visible. Even Lyon had given it up, had wore round, and was standing along the land again, towards Campanella, a disappointed man. As Cuffe expected the next wind from the westward, he continued on to the northward, however, intending to go off Amalfi, and question any fisherman he might fall in with. Leaving the ship slowly pursuing her course in that direction, then, we will turn our attention to the state of the prisoners.

Ghita and her uncle had been properly cared for all this time. The gunner's wife lived on board; and being a respectable woman, Cuffe had the delicacy to send the poor girl forward to the state-room and mess of this woman. Her uncle was provided for near at hand; and as neither was considered in any degree criminal, it was the intention to put them ashore, as soon as it was certain that no information concerning the lugger was to be obtained from them. Ithuel was at duty again, having passed half the morning in the fore-top. The shore-boat, which was in the way on deck, was now struck into the water, and was towing astern, in waiting for the moment when Carlo Giuntotardi and his niece were to be put in possession of it again, and permitted to depart. This moment was delayed, however, until the ship should again double Campanella, and be once more in the Bay of Naples, as it would have been cruel to send two such persons as the uncle and niece adrift, at any material distance from their proper place of landing.

It was very different with Raoul Yvard, however. He was under the charge of a sentry on the berth-deck, in waiting for the fearful mo-

ment when he should be brought forth for execution. His sentence was generally known in the ship, and with a few he was an object of interest; though punishment, deaths in battle, and all the other casualties of nautical life, were much too familiar in such a war to awaken anything like a sensation in an active cruising frigate. Still, some had a thought for the prisoner's situation. Winchester was a humane man, and, to his credit, he bore no malice for his own defeat and sufferings, while, in his capacity of first-lieutenant, it was in his power to do much towards adding to the comfort of the condemned. He had placed the prisoner between two open ports, where the air circulated freely, no trifling consideration in so warm a climate, and had ordered a canvass bulk-head to be placed around him, giving Raoul the benefit of a state-room for his meditations at so awful a moment. His irons, too, had been removed, as useless; though care had been taken to remove from the prisoner everything by which he might attempt his own life. The probability of his jumping through a port had been discussed between the first and second lieutenants; but the sen-

try was admonished to be on his guard against any such attempt; and little apprehension was felt, Raoul being so composed, and so unlikely to do anything precipitately. Then, it would be easy to pick him up while the vessel moved so slowly. To own the truth, too, many would prefer his drowning himself than to see him swinging at a yard-arm.

In this narrow prison, then, Raoul passed the night and morning. It would be representing him as more stoical than the truth, if we said he was unmoved. So far from this, his moments were bitter, and his anguish would have been extreme were it not for a high resolution which prompted him to die, as he fancied it, like *un Français*. The numerous executions by the guillotine had brought fortitude, under such circumstances, into a sort of fashion, and there were few who did not meet death with decorum. With our prisoner, however, it was still different; for, sustained by a dauntless spirit, he would have faced the great tyrant of the race, even in his most ruthless mood, with firmness, if not with disdain. But to a young man and a lover, the last great change could not well approach

without bringing with it a feeling of hopelessness which, in the case of Raoul, was unrelieved by any cheering expectations for the future. He fully believed his doom to be sealed, and that less on account of his imaginary offence as a spy, than on account of the known and extensive injuries he had done to the English commerce. Raoul was a good hater; and according to the fashion of past times, which we apprehend, in spite of a vast deal of equivocal philanthropy now circulating freely from mouth to mouth and from pen to pen, will continue to be the fashion of times to come, he heartily disliked the people with whom he was at war, and consequently was ready to believe anything to their prejudice which political rivalry might invent; a frame of mind which led him to think his life would be viewed as a trifle when put in the scales against English ascendancy or English profit. He was accustomed to think of the people of Great Britain as a "nation of shopkeepers," and while engaged himself in a calling that bears the brand of rapacity on its very brow, he looked upon his own pursuit as comparatively martial and honourable; qualities, in sooth, it

was far from being without as he himself had exercised its functions. In a word, Raoul understood Cuffe as little as Cuffe understood him; facts, that will sufficiently appear in the interview which it has now become our office to relate.

The prisoner received one or two friendly visits in the course of the morning; Griffin, in particular, conceiving it to be his duty to try to cheer the condemned man, on account of his own knowledge of foreign tongues. On these occasions the conversation was prevented from falling into anything like the sombre by the firmness of the prisoner's manner. With a view to do the thing handsomely, Winchester had caused the canvass bulk-head to include the guns on each side, which of course gave more air and light within the narrow apartment, as it brought both ports into the little room. Raoul adverted to this circumstance, as, seated on one stool, he invited Griffin, in the last of his visits, to take another.

"You find me, here, supported by a piece of eighteen on each side," observed the prisoner, smiling, "as becomes a seaman who is about to die. Were my death to come from the mouths

of your cannon, Monsieur Lieutenant, it would only meet me a few months, or perhaps a few days sooner than it might happen by the same mode, in the ordinary course of events."

"We know how to feel for a brave man in your situation," answered Griffin, with emotion; "and nothing would make us all happier than to have it as you say; you in a good warm frigate, on our broadside, and we in this of our own, contending fairly for the honour of our respective countries."

"Monsieur, the fortune of war has ordered it otherwise; but you are not seated, Monsieur Lieutenant."

"*Mon pardon;* Captain Cuffe has sent me to request you will favour him with your company in his cabin, as soon as it may be agreeable to yourself, Monsieur Yvard."

There is something in the polished expressions of the French language that would have rendered it difficult for Griffin to have been other than delicate in his communications with the prisoner, had he been so disposed; but such was not his inclination; for, now that their gallant adversary was at their mercy, all the brave men in the Proserpine felt a dispo-

ition to deal tenderly with him. Raoul was touched with these indications of generosity; and, as he had witnessed Griffin's spirit in the different attempts made on his lugger, it inclined him to think better of his foes. Rising, he professed his readiness to attend the Captain, at that very moment.

Cuffe was waiting in the after-cabin. When Griffin and the prisoner entered he courteously requested both to be seated, the former being invited to remain, not only as a witness of what might occur, but to act as interpreter in case of need. A short pause succeeded, and then the Captain opened the dialogue, which was carried on in English, with occasional assistance from Griffin whenever it became necessary.

"I greatly regret, Monsieur Yvard, to see a brave man in your situation," commenced Cuffe, who, sooth to say, apart from the particular object he had in view, uttered no more than the truth. "We have done full justice to your spirit and judgment, while we have tried the hardest to get you into our power. But the laws of war are severe, necessarily, and we English have a commander-in-chief

who is not disposed to trifle in matters of duty."

This was said partly in policy, and partly from a habit of standing in awe of the character of Nelson. Raoul received it, however, in the most favourable light; though the politic portion of the motive was altogether thrown away, as will be seen in the sequel.

"Monsieur, un Français knows how to die in the cause of Liberty and his Country," answered Raoul, courteously, yet with emphasis.

"I do not doubt it, Monsieur; still, I see no necessity for things to be pushed to that extremity. England is as liberal of her rewards as she is powerful to resent injuries. Perhaps some plan may be adopted which will avert the necessity of sacrificing the life of a brave man, in so cruel a mode."

"I shall not affect to play the hero, Monsieur le Capitaine. If any proper mode of relieving me, in my present crisis, can be discovered, my gratitude will be in proportion to the service rendered."

"This is talking sensibly, and to the purpose. I make no doubt, when we come to a

right understanding everything will be amicably arranged between us. Griffin, do me the favour to help yourself to a glass of wine-and-water, which you will find refreshing this warm day. Monsieur Yvard will join us; the wine coming from Capri, and being far from bad; though some do prefer the Lachrymæ Christi which grows about the foot of Vesuvius, I believe."

Griffin did as desired, though his own countenance was far from expressing all the satisfaction that was obvious in the face of Cuffe. Raoul declined the offer; waiting for the forthcoming explanation with an interest he did not affect to conceal. Cuffe seemed disappointed and reluctant to proceed; but finding his two companions silent, he was obliged to make his proposal.

"Oui, Monsieur," he added, "England is powerful to resent, but ready to forgive. You are very fortunate in having it in your power, at so serious a moment, to secure her pardon for an offence which is always visited in war with a punishment graver than any other."

"In what way can this be done, Monsieur le Capitaine? I am not one who despises

life; more especially when it is in danger of being lost by a disgraceful death."

"I am rejoiced, Monsieur Yvard, to find you in this frame of mind; it will relieve me from the discharge of a most painful duty, and be the means of smoothing over many difficulties. Without doubt you have heard of the character of our celebrated admiral, Nelson?"

"His name is known to every seaman, Monsieur," answered Raoul, stiffly; his natural antipathies being far from cured by the extremity of his situation. "He has written it on the waters of the Nile in letters of blood!"

"Ay, his deeds *there*, or elsewhere, will not soon be forgotten. He is a man of an iron will; when his heart is set on a thing he sticks at no risk to obtain it, especially if the means be lawful, and the end is glory. To be frank, Monsieur, he wishes much for your lugger, the Few-Folly."

"Ah!" exclaimed Raoul, smiling ironically; "Nelson is not the only English admiral who has had the same desire. Le Feu-Follet, Monsieur le Capitaine, is so charming that she has many admirers!"

"Among whom Nelson is one of the warmest. Now, this makes your case so much the easier to be disposed of. You have nothing to do but to put the lugger into our hands, when you will be pardoned, and be treated as a prisoner of war."

"Does Monsieur Nelson authorize you to make this proposal to me?" asked Raoul, gravely.

"He does. Intrusted with the care of his country's interests, he is willing to overlook the offence against her under the law of nations, to deprive the enemy of the means of doing so much harm. Put the lugger into our hands, and you shall be sent to an ordinary prison-ship. Nay, merely let us into the secret of her position, and *we* will see to her capture."

"Monsieur Nelson, doubtless, does no more than his duty," answered Raoul, quietly, but with an air of severe self-respect. "It is his business to have a care for English commerce, and he has every right to make this bargain. But the treaty will not be conducted on equal terms: while he is doing no more than his duty, I have no powers."

"How?—You have the power of speech; that will suffice to let us into the secret of the orders you have given the lugger, and where she is probably to be found at this moment."

"Non, Monsieur; I have not even *that* power. I can do nothing that must cover me with so much infamy. My tongue is under laws which I never made, when treachery is in question."

Had Raoul assumed a theatrical tone and manner, as might have been expected, probably it would have made very little impression on Cuffe; but his quiet simplicity and steadiness carried conviction with them. To say the truth, the captain was disappointed. He would have hesitated about making his proposition to an officer of the regular French marine, low as even these stood at that day, in the estimation of Nelson's fleet in particular; but from a privateersman he expected a greedy acquiescence in a plan which offered life as a reward in exchange for a treachery like that he proposed. At first he felt disposed to taunt Raoul with the contradiction between what he, Cuffe, conceived to be his

general pursuits, and his present assumption of principles; but the unpretending calmness of the other's manner, and the truth of his feelings, prevented it. Then, to do Cuffe himself justice, he was too generous to abuse the power he had over his prisoner.

"You may do well to think of this, Monsieur Yvard," observed the Captain, after a pause of quite a minute. "The interest at stake is so heavy, that reflection may yet induce you to change your mind."

"Monsieur Cuffe, I pardon you, if you can pardon yourself," answered Raoul, with severe dignity in his manner, rising as he spoke, as if disdaining civilities which came from his tempter. "I know what you think of us Corsairs; but an officer in an honourable service should hesitate long before he tempts a man to do an act like this. The fact that the life of your prisoner is at stake, ought to make a brave seaman still more delicate how he tries to work on his terrors or his principles. But, I repeat, I forgive you, Monsieur, if you can forgive yourself."

Cuffe stood confounded. The blood rushed to his heart; after which it appeared as if about to gush through the pores of his face. A feel-

ing of fierce resentment almost consumed him; then he became himself again, and began to see things as was his wont in cooler moments. Still he could not speak, pacing the cabin to recover his self-command.

"Monsieur Yvard," he at length said, "I ask your forgiveness sincerely, and from the bottom of my heart. I did not know you, or such a proposal would never have insulted you or disgraced a British officer, in my person. Nelson, too, is the last man living to wound the feelings of an honourable enemy; but we did not know you. All privateersmen are not of your way of thinking, and it was *there* we fell into our mistake."

"*Touchez-la*," said Raoul, frankly extending his hand. "Monsieur le Capitaine, you and I ought to meet in two fine frigates, each for his country's honour; let what would be the result, it would lay the foundation of an eternal friendship. I have lived long enough in *votre Angleterre* to understand how little you know *notre France; mais n'importe*—Brave men can understand one another all over the world; for the little time which is left me we shall be friends."

Cuffe seized Raoul's hand, and even a tear escaped him as he squeezed it warmly.

"This has been a d—d miserable business, Griffin," said the Captain, as soon as he could speak without betraying weakness, "and one no man will ever find me employed in again, though a fleet as large as that up in the Bay yonder were the price."

"I never thought it would succeed, sir; and, to say the truth, I never hoped it would. You 'll excuse me, Captain Cuffe, but we English don't give the Continentals exactly the credit they deserve; and particularly the French. I thought it wouldn't do from the first."

Cuffe now repeated his apologies; and after a few expressions of friendly esteem on both sides, Raoul returned to his little room, declining the Captain's offer to occupy one of the cabin state-rooms. Griffin was soon back again, and then the conversation was resumed between the two officers.

"This is altogether a most painful business, Griffin," observed Cuffe. "There is no doubt that Monsieur Yvard is technically a spy, and guilty according to the forms of law; but I

entertain not the smallest doubt of the truth of his whole story. This Ghita Caraccioli, as the girl calls herself, is the very picture of truth; and was actually in Nelson's cabin the day before yesterday, under circumstances which leave no doubt of the simplicity and truth of her character, while every part of the tale corresponds with the other. Even the veechy, and this pursy old podestà, confirm the account; for they have seen Ghita in Porto Ferrajo, and begin to think the Frenchman came in there solely on her account."

"I make no doubt, Captain Cuffe, that Lord Nelson will give a respite, or even a pardon, were the facts fairly laid before him," observed Griffin, who felt a generous interest in preserving the life of Raoul, the very man he had endeavoured to destroy by fire only a few weeks before; but such is the waywardness of man, and such are the mixed feelings generated by war.

"This is the most serious part of the affair, Griffin. The sentence is approved; with an order that it shall be carried into effect this very day, between the hours of sunrise and sunset; while here it is already noon, and

we are to the southward of Campanella, and so distant from the flag-ship as to put signals out of the question."

Griffin started; all the grave difficulties of the case glancing upon his mind in a moment. An order, according to the habits of the service, and more especially an order of this serious character, was not to be questioned; yet here was a dilemma in which there appeared no means of relief.

"Good God! Captain Cuffe, how unlucky! Cannot an express be sent across by land, so as yet to reach the flag-ship in time?"

"I have thought of that, Griffin, and Clinch has gone precisely on that errand."

"Clinch! — Pardon me, sir; but such a duty requires a very active and *sober* officer!"

"Clinch is active enough, and I *know* his besetting weakness will have no power over him to-day. I have opened the way for a commission to him, and no one in the ship can go to Naples in a boat sooner than Clinch, if he really try. He will make the most of the afternoon's breeze, should there be any, and I have arranged a signal with him, by

which he may let us know the result even at the distance of eight or ten miles."

"Has Lord Nelson left no discretion in the orders, sir?"

"None; unless Raoul Yvard distinctly consents to give up the lugger. In that case, I have a letter, which authorises me to delay the execution, until I can communicate directly with the commander-in-chief."

"How very unlucky it has been all round! Is there no possibility, sir, of making up a case that might render this discretion available."

"That might do among you irresponsibles, Mr. Griffin," answered Cuffe a little sharply; "but I would rather hang forty Frenchmen than be Bronté'd by Nelson for neglect of duty."

Cuffe spoke more strongly than he intended, perhaps; but the commander of a ship-of-war does not always stop to weigh his words when he condescends to discuss a point with an inferior. The reply put a check upon Griffin's zeal, however, though the discourse did not the less proceed.

"Well, sir," the lieutenant answered, "I 'm

sure we are all as anxious as you can be, to avert this affair from our ship. 'Twas but the other day we were boasting in the gun-room, to some of the Lapwing's officers who were on a visit here, that the Proserpine never had an execution or a court-martial flogging on board her, though she had now been under the British ensign near four years, and had been seven times under fire!"

"God send, Griffin, that Clinch find the admiral, and get back in time!"

"How would it do, sir, to send the vice-governatore to try the prisoner; perhaps *he* might persuade him to *seem* to consent, or, some such thing, you know, sir, as might justify a delay. They say the Corsicans are the keenest-witted fellows in all these seas; and Elba is so near to Corsica that one cannot fancy there is much difference between their people."

"Ay, your veechy is a regular witch!—He made out so well in his first interview with Yvard, that no one can doubt his ability to overlay him in another!"

"One never knows, Captain Cuffe. The Italian has more resources than most men;

and the Signor Barrofaldi is a discreet, sensible man, when he acts with his eyes open. Le Feu-Follet has cheated others besides the vice-governor and the podestà !"

" Ay, these d—d Jack-o'-Lanterns are never to be trusted. It would hardly surprise me to see the Folly coming down, wing-and-wing, from under the land, and passing out to sea, with a six-knot breeze, while we lay as still as a cathedral, with not air enough to turn the smoke of the galley-fire from the perpendicular."

" She 's not inside of us, Captain Cuffe; of that we may be certain. I have been on the main-top-gallant-yard with the best glass in the ship, and have swept the whole coast, from the ruins over against us, here to the eastward, up to the town of Salerno; there is nothing to be seen, as large as a sparanara."

" One would think, too, this Monsieur Yvard might give up, to save his own life, after all ! "

" *We* should hardly do it, I hope Captain Cuffe ?"

" I believe you are right, Griffin; one feels

forced to respect the privateersman, in spite of his trade. Who knows but something might be got out of that Bolt? He must know as much about the lugger as Yvard himself."

"Quite true, sir; I was thinking of proposing something of the sort, not a minute since. Now, that's a fellow one may take pleasure in riding down, as one would ride down the main tack. Shall I have him sent for, Captain Cuffe?"

The Captain hesitated; for the previous experiments on Ithuel's selfishness had failed. Still, the preservation of Raoul's life, and the capture of the lugger, were now objects of nearly equal interest with Cuffe, and he felt disposed to neglect no plausible means of effecting either. A sign of approbation was all the lieutenant needed; and, in a few minutes, Ithuel stood again in the presence of his captain.

"Here is an opportunity for you to fetch up a good deal of lee-way, Master Bolt," commenced the Captain; "and I am willing to give you a chance to help yourself. You know where you last left the Few-Folly, I suppose?"

"I don't know but I might, sir," answered Ithuel, rolling his eyes around him, curious to ascertain what the other would be at. "I don't know but I might remember, on a pinch, sir; though, to own the truth, my memory is none of the most desperate best."

"Well, then, where was it? Recollect that the life of your late friend, Raoul Yvard, may depend on your answer."

"I want to know!—Well, this Europe *is* a curious part of the world, as all must admit, that come from Ameriky. What has Captain Rule done now, sir, that he stands in such jeopardy?"

"You know that he is convicted as a spy; and my orders are to have him executed, unless we can get his lugger. *Then*, indeed, we may possibly show him a little favour; as we do not make war so much on individuals as on nations."

Cuffe would probably have been puzzled to explain the application of his own sentiment to the case before him; but, presuming on his having to deal with one who was neither very philosophical nor logical himself, he was somewhat indifferent to his own mode of proceed-

ing, so that it effected the object. Ithuel, however, was not understood. Love for Raoul, or the lugger, or, indeed, for anything else, himself excepted, formed no part of his character; while hatred of England had become incorporated with the whole of his moral system; if such a man could be said to have a moral system at all. He saw nothing to be gained by serving Raoul in particular; though this he might have done did nothing interfere to prevent it; while he had so strong an aversion to suffering the English to get Le Feu-Follet, as to be willing even to risk his own life in order to prevent it. His care, therefore, was to accomplish his purpose with the least hazard to himself.

"And, if the lugger can be had, sir, you intend to let Captain Rule go?" he asked, with an air of interest.

"Ay, we *may* do that; though it will depend on the Admiral. Can you tell us where you left her, and where she probably now is?"

"Captain Rule has said the first, already, sir. He told the truth about that before the court. But, as to telling where the lugger

is now, I'll defy any man to do it! Why, sir, I've turned in at eight bells, and left her, say ten or fifteen leagues dead to leeward of an island, or a light-house perhaps, and on turning out at eight bells, in the morning, found her just as far to windward of the same object. She's as oncalculating a craft as I ever put foot aboard of."

"Indeed!" said Cuffe, ironically: "I do not wonder that her captain's in a scrape."

"Scrape, sir! — The Folly is nothing *but* a scrape. I've tried my hand at keeping her reck'nin'."

"You!"

"Yes, sir, I; Ithuel Bolt, that's my name, at hum' or abroad, and I've tried to keep the Folly's reck'nin', with all the advantage of thermometer, and lead-lines, and logarithms, and such necessaries, you know, Captain Cuffe; and *I* never yet could place her within a hundred miles of the spot where she was actually seen to be."

"I am not at all surprised to hear this, Bolt; but what I want at present, is to know what you think may be the precise position of the lugger, without the aid of

the thermometer, and of logarithms; I 've a notion you would make out better by letting such things alone."

"Well, who knows but I might, sir! My idee of the Folly, just now, sir, is that she is somewhere off Capri, under short canvass, waiting for Captain Rule and I to join her, and keeping a sharp look-out after the inimies' cruisers."

Now, this was not only precisely the position of the lugger at that very moment, but it was what Ithuel actually believed to be her position. Still, nothing was farther from this man's intention than to betray his former messmates. He was so very cunning as to have detected how little Cuffe was disposed to believe him; and he told the truth, as the most certain means of averting mischief from the lugger. Nor did his *ruse* fail of its object. His whole manner had so much deceit and low cunning about it, that neither Cuffe nor Griffin believed a word he said; and after a little more pumping, the fellow was dismissed in disgust, with a sharp intimation that it would be singularly for his interest to look out how he discharged his general duties in the ship.

"This will never do, Griffin," exclaimed the Captain, vexed and disappointed. "Should anything occur to Clinch, or should the Admiral happen to be off with the King on one of his shooting excursions, we shall be in a most serious dilemma. Would to God we had not left the anchorage at Capri! *Then*, one might communicate with the flag with some certainty. I shall never forgive myself if anything fatal actually take place!"

"When one does all for the best, Captain Cuffe, his mind ought to be at ease, and you could not possibly foresee what has happened. Might not—one wouldn't like either, but, necessity is a hard master—"

"Out with it, Griffin; anything is better than suspense."

"Well, sir, I was just thinking that possibly this young Italian girl might know something about the lugger, and, as she clearly loves the Frenchman, we should get a strong purchase on her tongue by means of her heart."

Cuffe looked intently at his lieutenant for half a minute; then he shook his head in disapprobation.

"No, Griffin, no," said he, "to this I never can consent. As for this quibbling, equivocating Yankee, if Yankee he be, one wouldn't feel many scruples of delicacy; but to probe the affections of a poor, innocent girl, in this way, would be going too far. The heart of a young girl should be sacred under every circumstance."

Griffin coloured, and he bit his lip. No one likes to be outdone in the appearance of generosity, at least; and he felt vexed that he should have ventured on a proposition which his superior treated as unbecoming.

"Neverthless, sir, she might think the lugger cheaply sold," said he, with emphasis, "provided her lover's life was what she got in exchange. It would be a very different thing were we to ask her to sell her admirer, instead of a mere privateer."

"No matter, Griffin, we will not meddle with the private feelings of a young female, whom chance has thrown into our hands. As soon as we get near enough in with the land I intend to let the old man take his boat, and carry his niece ashore. That will be getting rid of *them*, at least, honourably and

fairly. God knows what is to become of the Frenchman!"

This terminated the conference. Griffin went on deck, where duty now called him; and Cuffe sat down to re-peruse, for the ninth or tenth time, the instructions of the Admiral.

CHAPTER III.

I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.

MANFRED.

By this time the day had materially advanced, and there were grave grounds for the uneasiness which Cuffe began so seriously to feel. All three of the ships were still in the Bay of Salerno, gathering in towards its northern shore, however; the Proserpine, the deepest embayed, the Terpsichore, and the Ringdove, having hauled out towards Campanella, as soon as they were satisfied that nothing was to be seen in-shore of them. The heights, which line the coast, from the immediate vicinity of the town of Salerno to the head-land that ends near Capri, have long been celebrated, not only for their beauty and grandeur, but in connexion with the lore of the middle

ages. As the Proserpine had never been in this bay before, or never so near its head, her officers found some temporary relief from the very general uneasiness which was felt on account of their prisoner, in viewing scenery remarkable even in that remarkable section of the globe. The ship had gone up abreast of Amalfi, and so close in as to be less than a mile from the shore. The object was to communicate with some fishermen, which had been done; the information received going to establish the fact that no craft resembling the lugger had been in that part of the bay. The vessel's head was now laid to the southward and westward, in waiting for the zephyr, which might soon be expected. The gallant frigate, seen from the impending rocks, looked like a light merchantman, in all but her symmetry and warlike guise; nature being moulded on so grand a scale all along that coast as to render objects of human art unusually diminutive to the eye. On the other hand, the country-houses, churches, hermitages, convents, and villages, clustered all along the mountain sides, presented equally delusive forms, though they gave an affluence to the

views that left the spectator in a strange doubt which most to admire, their wildness or their picturesque beauty. The little air that remained was still at the southward, and as the ship moved slowly along this scene of singular attraction each ravine seemed to give up a town, each shelf of rock a human habitation, and each natural terrace a villa and a garden.

Of all men, sailors become the most *blasés* in the way of the sensations produced by novelties and fine scenery. It appears to be a part of their calling to suppress the emotions of a greenhorn; and, generally, they look upon anything a little out of the ordinary track with the coolness of those who feel it is an admission of inferiority to betray surprise. It seldom happens with them that anything occurs, or anything is seen to which the last cruise, or, if the vessel be engaged in trade, the last voyage, did not at least furnish a parallel; usually the past event, or the more distant object, has the advantage. He who has a sufficient store of this reserved knowledge and experience, it will at once be seen, enjoys a great superiority over him who has

not, and is placed above the necessity of avowing a sensation so humiliating as wonder. On the present occasion, however, but few held out against the novelty of the actual situation of the ship; most on board being willing enough to allow that they had never before been beneath cliffs which had such a union of the magnificent, the picturesque, and the soft; though a few continued firm, acting up to the old characters, with the consistency of settled obstinacy.

Strand, the boatswain, was one of those who on all such occasions "died hard." He was the last man in the ship who ever gave up a prejudice; and this for three several reasons: he was a cockney, and believed himself born in the centre of human knowledge; he was a seaman, and understood the world; he was a boatswain, and stood upon his dignity.

As the Proserpine fanned slowly along the land, this personage took a position between the knight-heads, on the bowsprit, where he could overlook the scene, and at the same time hear the dialogue of the forecastle; and both with suitable decorum. Strand was as much of a monarch forward, as Cuffe was aft;

though the appearance of a lieutenant, or of the master, now and then, a little dimmed the lustre of his reign. Still, Strand succumbed completely to only two of the officers — the captain and the first-lieutenant; and not always to these in what he conceived to be purely matters of sentiment. In the way of duty, he understood himself too well ever to hesitate about obeying an order; but when it came to opinions, he was a man who could maintain his own, even in the presence of Nelson.

The first captain of the forecastle was an old seaman of the name of Catfall. At the precise moment when Strand occupied the position named, between the knight-heads, this personage was holding a discourse with three or four of the forecastle-men, who stood on the heel of the bowsprit, inboard — the etiquette of the ship not permitting these worthies to show their heads above the nettings. Each of the party had his arms folded; each chewed tobacco; each had his hair in a queue; and each occasionally hitched up his trousers, in a way to prove that he did not require the aid of suspenders in keeping his nether garments in their proper place. It may be mentioned,

indeed, that the point of division between the jacket and the trousers was marked in each by a bellying line of a clean white shirt, that served to relieve the blue of the dress, as a species of marine facing. As was due to his greater experience and his rank, Catfall was the principal speaker among those who lined the heel of the bowsprit.

"This here coast is moun*tain*ious, as one may own," observed the captain of the forecastle; "but what I say is, that it 's not *as* moun*tain*ious as some I 've seen. Now, when I went round the 'arth with Captain Cook, we fell in with islands that were so topped off with rocks, and the like o' that, that these here affairs, alongside on 'em, wouldn't pass for anything more than a sort of jury mountains."

"There you 're right, Catfall," said Strand, in a patronizing way; "as anybody knows as has been round the Horn. I didn't sail with Captain Cook, seeing that I was then the boatswain of the Hussar, and she couldn't have made one of Cook's squadron, being a post-ship, and commanded by a full-built captain; but I *was* in them seas when a younker, and can back Catfall's account of the matter

by my largest anchor, in the way of history. D——e, if I think these hillocks would be called even jury mountains, in that quarter of the world. They tell me there's several noblemen's and gentlemen's parks near Lunnun, where they make mountains just to look at; that must be much of a muchness with these here chaps. I never drift far from Wappin' when I'm at home, and so I can't say I've seen these artifice hills, as they calls them, myself; but there's one Joseph Shirk, that lives near St. Katharine's Lane, that makes trips regularly into the neighbourhood, who gives quite a particular account of the matter."

"I dare to say it's all true, Mr. Strand," answered the captain of the forecastle, "for I've know'd some of them travelling chaps who have seen stranger sights than that. No, sir, I calls these mountains no great matter; and as to the houses and villages on 'em, where you see one here, you might say you could see two on some of the desert islands."

A very marvellous account of Cook's Discoveries was suddenly checked by the appearance of Cuffe on the forecastle. It was not often the Captain visited that part of the ship; but

he was considered a privileged person, let him go where he would. At his appearance all the "old salts" quitted the heel of the spar, tarpaulins came fairly down to a level with the bag-reefs of the shirts, and even Strand stepped into the nettings, leaving the place between the knight-heads clear. To this spot Cuffe ascended with a light, steady step, for he was but six-and-twenty, just touching his hat in return to the boatswain's bow.

A boatswain on board an English ship of war is a more important personage than he is apt to be on board an American. Neither the captain nor the first-lieutenant disdains conversing with him on occasions; and he is sometimes seen promenading the starboard side of the quarter-deck in deep discourse with one or the other of those high functionaries. It has been said that Cuffe and Strand were old shipmates, the latter having actually been boatswain of the ship in which the former first sailed. This circumstance was constantly borne in mind by both parties, the Captain seldom coming near his inferior in moments of relaxation without having something to say to him.

"Rather a remarkable coast this, Strand,"

he commenced on the present occasion, as soon as fairly placed between the knight-heads; "something one might look for a week in England without finding it."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm not of the same way of thinking. I was just telling the forecastle lads down there that there 's many a nobleman and gentleman at home as has finer hills than these, made by hand, in his parks and gardens, just to look at."

"The d—l you have! And what did the forecastle lads down there say to that?"

"What could they, sir? It just showed the superiority of an Englishman to an Italian; and that ended the matter. Don't you remember the Injees, sir?—"

"The Indies! Why the coast between Bombay and Calcutta is as flat as a pancake, most of the distance."

"Not them Injees, sir, but t' other — the West, I mean. The islands and mountains we passed and went into in the Rattler; your honour was only a young gentleman then, but was too much aloft to miss the sight of anything—and all along America, too."

As Strand was speaking he glanced com-

placently round, as if to intimate to the listeners what an old friend of the Captain's they enjoyed in the person of their boatswain.

"Oh! the West-Indies, you're nearer right there, Strand; and yet they have nothing to compare to this. Why, here are mountains, alive with habitations, that fairly come up to the sea!"

"Well, sir, as to habitations, what's these to a street in Lunnun? Begin on the starboard hand, for instance, as you walk down Cheapside, and count as you go; my life for it, you'll reel off more houses in half an hour's walk than are to be found in all that there village yonder. Then you'll remember, sir, that the starboard hand only has half, every Jack having his Jenny. I look upon Lunnun as the finest sight in nature, Captain Cuffe, after all I have seen in many cruises!"

"I don't know, Mr. Strand. In the way of coast, one may very well be satisfied with this. Yonder town, now, is called Amalfi; it was once a place of great commerce, they say."

"Of commerce, sir!— why it's nothing but a bit of a village, or at most, of a borough, built in a hollow. No haven, no docks, no

comfortable* place, even, for setting up the frame of a ship on the beach. The commerce of such a town must have been mainly carried on by means of mules and jackasses, as one reads of in the trade of the Bible."

"Carried on as it might be, trade it once had. There does not seem to be any hiding-place, along this shore, for a lugger like the Folly, after all, Strand."

The boatswain smiled, with a knowing look, while, at the same time, the expression of his countenance was like that of a man who did not choose to let others into all his secrets.

"The Folly is a craft we are not likely to see again, Captain Cuffe," he then answered, if it were only out of respect to his superior.

"Why so? — The Proserpine generally takes a good look at everything she chases."

"Ay, ay, sir, that may be true, as a rule; but I never knew a craft found, after a third look for her. Everything seems to go by thirds, in this world, sir; and I always look upon a third chase as final. Now, sir, there are three classes of admirals, and three sets of flags; a ship has three masts; the biggest ships are three deckers; then there are three planets —"

"The d — l there are! How do you make *that* out, Strand?"

"Why, sir, there's the sun, moon, and stars; that makes just three, by my count."

"Ay, but what do you say to Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, and all the rest of them, the earth included?"

"Why, sir, they're all the rest of the stars, and not planets, at all. Then, sir, look around you, and you'll find everything going by threes. There are three topsails, three jibs, and three top-gallant-sails—"

"And two courses," said the Captain gravely, to whom this theory of the threes was new.

"Quite true, sir, in name, but your honour will recollect the spanker is nothing but a fore-and-aft course, rigged to a mast, instead of to a jack-yard, as it used to be."

"There are neither three captains nor three boatswains to a ship, Master Strand."

"Certainly not, sir; that would be oppressive, and they would stand in each other's way; still, Captain Cuffe, the thirds hold out wonderfully, even in all these little matters. There's the three lieutenants; and there's the boatswain, gunner and carpenter—and—"

"Sail-maker, armourer, and captain of the mast," interrupted Cuffe, laughing.

"Well, sir, you may make anything seem doubtful, by bringing forward plenty of reasons; but all my experience says, a third chase never comes to anything, unless it turns out successful; but that *after* a third chase, all may as well be given up."

"I fancy Lord Nelson holds a different doctrine, Strand. He tells us to follow a Frenchman round the earth, rather than let him escape."

"No doubt, sir. Follow him round three earths, if you can keep him in sight; but not round *four*. That is all I contend for, Captain Cuffe. Even women, they tell me, take what is called their thirds in a fellow's forti'n."

"Well, well, Strand, I suppose there must be some truth in your doctrine, or you wouldn't hold out for it so strenuously; and, as for this coast, I must give it up, too, for I never expect to see another like it; much less a third."

"It 's my duty to give up to your honour; but I ask permission to think a third chase should always be the last one. That 's a melancholy sight to a man of feelin', Captain

Cuffe, the object between the two midship-guns on the starboard side of the main-deck, sir?"

"You mean the prisoner? I wish with all my heart he was not there, Strand. I think I would rather he were in his lugger again, to run the chances of that fourth chase of which you seem to think so lightly."

"Your hanging ships are not often lucky ships, Captain Cuffe. In my judgment, asking your pardon, sir, there ought to be a floating gaol in every fleet, where all the courts and all the executions should be held."

"It would be robbing the boatswains of no small part of their duty, were the punishments to be sent out of the different vessels," answered Cuffe, smiling.

"Ay, ay, sir — the punishments, I grant, your honour; but hanging is an *execution*, and not a punishment. God forbid that, at my time of life, I should be ordered to sail in a ship that has no punishment on board; but I'm really getting to be too old to look at executions with any sort of pleasure. Duty that isn't done with pleasure is but poor duty, at the best, sir."

"There are many disagreeable, and some

painful duties to be performed, Strand; this of executing a man, let the offence be what it may, is among the most painful."

"For my part, Captain Cuffe, I do not mind hanging a mutineer so very much, for he is a being whom the world ought not to harbour; but it is a different thing with an enemy, and a spy. It's our duty to spy as much as we can for our king and country, and one ought never to bear too hard on such as do their duty. With a fellow that can't obey orders, and who puts his own will above the pleasures of his superiors, I have no patience; but I do not so much understand why the gentlemen of the courts are so hard on such as do a little more reconn'itrin' than common."

"That is because ships are less exposed to the attempts of spies than armies, Strand. A soldier hates a spy as much as you do a mutineer. The reason is, that he may be surprised by an enemy through his means, and butchered in his sleep. Nothing is so unpleasant to a soldier as a surprise; and the law against spies, though a general law of war, originated with soldiers, rather than with us sailors, I should think."

"Yes, sir, — I dare say your honour is right. He 's a rum 'un, a soldier at the best; and this opinion proves it. Now, sir, Captain Cuffe, just suppose a Frenchman of about our own metal, took it into his head to surprise the Proserpine, some dark night: what would come of it, after all? There 's the guns, and it 's only to turn the hands up to set 'em at work, just the same as if there wasn't a spy in the world. And should they prefer to come on board us, and to try their luck at close quarters, I rather think, sir, the surprise would meet 'em face to face. No, no, sir; spies is nothing to us, though it might teach 'em manners to keel-haul one, once-and-a-while."

Cuffe now became thoughtful and silent, and even Strand did not presume to speak when the Captain was in this humour. The latter descended to the forecastle and walked aft, his hands behind his back, and his head inclining downward. Every one he met made way for him as a matter of course; in that mood he moved among the throng of a ship of war as a man tabooed. Even Winchester respected his commander's abstraction, although he had a

serious request to make, which it is time to explain.

Andrea Barrofaldi and Vito Viti remained on board the frigate, inmates of the cabin, and gradually becoming more accustomed to their novel situation. They did not escape the jokes of a man-of-war, but on the whole they were well treated, and were tolerably satisfied; more especially as the hope of capturing Le Feu-Follet began to revive. As a matter of course, they were apprised of the condition of Raoul, and, being both kind and benevolent men in the main, they were desirous of conversing with the prisoner, and of proving to him that they bore no malice. Winchester was spoken to on the subject, but before he granted the permission, he thought it safest to consult the Captain in the matter. At length an opportunity offered, Cuffe suddenly rousing himself, and giving an order in relation to the canvass the ship was under.

"Here are the two Italian gentlemen, Captain Cuffe," observed Winchester, "desirous of speaking to the prisoner. I did not think it right, sir, to let him have communication with any one, without first ascertaining your pleasure."

"Poor fellow! His time is getting very short, unless we hear from Clinch; and there can be no harm in granting him every indulgence. I have been thinking of this matter, and do not possibly see how I can escape ordering the execution, unless it be countermanded from Nelson himself."

"Certainly not, sir. But Mr. Clinch is an active and experienced seaman, when he is in earnest; we may still hope something from him. What is to be done with the Italians, sir?"

"Let them, or any one else that poor Yvard is willing to see, go below."

"Do you mean to include old Giuntotardi and his niece, Captain Cuffe? and this deserter of our own, Bolt,—he, too, has had something to say of a wish to take leave of his late shipmate?"

"We might be justified in denying the request of the last, Mr. Winchester, but hardly of the others. Still, if Raoul Yvard wishes to see even him, his desire may as well be granted."

Thus authorized, Winchester no longer hesitated about granting the several permissions.

An order was sent to the sentinel, through the corporal of the guard, to allow any one to enter the prisoner's room whom the latter might wish to receive. A ship was not like a prison on shore, escape being next to impossible, more especially from a vessel at sea. The parties accordingly received intimation that they might visit the condemned man, should the latter be disposed to receive them.

By this time something like a general gloom had settled on the ship. The actual state of things was known to all on board, and few believed it possible that Clinch could reach the Foudroyant, receive his orders, and be back in time to prevent the execution. It wanted now but three hours of sunset, and the minutes appeared to fly, instead of dragging. The human mind is so constituted, that uncertainty increases most of its sensations;—the apprehension of death even, very often exciting a livelier emotion than its positive approach. Thus it was with the officers and people of the Proserpine: had there been no hope of escaping the execution, they would have made up their minds to submit to the evil as unavoidable; but the slight chance

which did actually exist created a feverish excitement that soon extended to all hands, and this as completely as if a chase were in sight, and each individual was bent on overtaking her. As minute after minute flew by the feeling increased, until it would not much exceed the bounds of truth to say, that under none of the vicissitudes of war did there ever exist so feverish an hour on board his Britannic Majesty's ship the Proserpine, as the very period of which we are now writing. Eyes were constantly turned towards the sun, and several of the young gentlemen collected on the forecastle, with no other view than to be as near as possible to the headland, around which the boat of Clinch was expected to make her re-appearance, as behind it she had last been seen.

The zephyr had come at the usual hour, but it was light, and the ship was so close to the mountains as to feel very little of its force. It was different with the two other vessels. Lyon had gone about in time to get clear of the highest mountains, and his lofty sails took enough of the breeze to carry him out to sea three or four hours before; while the Terpsi-

chore, under Sir Frederick Dashwood, had never got near enough in with the land to be becalmed at all. Her head had been laid to the south-west at the first appearance of the afternoon wind, and that frigate was now hull-down to seaward—actually making a free wind of it as she shaped her course up between Ischia and Capri. As for the Proserpine, when the bell struck three, in the first dog-watch, she was just abeam of the celebrated little islets of the Sirens, the western breeze now beginning to die away, though, getting more of it, the ship was drawing ahead faster than she had been since the turn of the day.

Three bells, in the first dog-watch, indicate the hour of half-past five. At that season of the year the sun sets a few minutes past six. Of course, there remained but little more than half-an-hour in which to execute the sentence of the law. Cuffe had never quitted the deck, and he actually started when he heard the first sound of the clapper. Winchester turned towards him with an inquiring look; for everything had been previously arranged between them; he received merely a significant gesture in return. This, however, was suffi-

cient. Certain orders were privately issued. Then there appeared a stir among the fore-top-men, and on the forecastle, where a rope was rove at the fore-yard-arm, and a grating was rigged for a platform — unerring signs of the approaching execution.

Accustomed as these hardy mariners were to brave dangers of all sorts, and to witness human suffering of nearly every degree, a feeling of singular humanity had come over the whole crew. Raoul was their enemy, it is true, and he had been sincerely detested by all hands, eight-and-forty hours before; but circumstances had entirely changed the ancient animosity into a more generous and manly sentiment. In the first place, a successful and a triumphant enemy was an object very different from a man in their own power, and who lay entirely at their mercy. Then, the personal appearance of the young privateersman was unusually attractive, and altogether different from what it had been previously represented, and that, too, by an active rivalry not altogether free from bitterness. But chiefly was the generous sentiment awakened by the conviction that the master-passion, and

none of the usual inducements of a spy, had brought their enemy into this strait; and though clearly guilty in a technical point of view, that he was influenced by no pitiful wages, even allowing that he blended with the pursuit of his love some of the motives of his ordinary warfare. All these considerations, coupled with the reluctance which seamen ever feel that an execution should take place in their ship, had entirely turned the tables; and there, where Raoul would have found so lately between two and three hundred active and formidable enemies, he might almost be said now to have as many sympathizing friends.

No wonder, then, that the preparations of the fore-top-men were regarded with unfavourable eyes. The unseen hand of authority, nevertheless, held all in restraint. Cuffe himself did not dare to hesitate any longer. The necessary orders were given, though with deep reluctance, and then the Captain went below, as if to hide himself from human eyes.

The ten minutes which succeeded were minutes of intense concern. All hands were called, the preparations had been completed,

and Winchester waited only for the re-appearance of Cuffe, to issue the order to have the prisoner placed on the grating. A midshipman was sent into the cabin; after which, the commanding officer came slowly, and with a lingering step, upon the quarter-deck. The crew was assembled on the forcastle and in the waists; the marine guard was under arms; the officers clustered around the capstan; and a solemn, uneasy expectation pervaded the whole ship. The lightest foot-fall was audible. Andrea and his friend stood apart, near the taffrail, but no one saw Carlo Giuntotardi, or his niece.

"There is yet some five-and-twenty minutes of sun, I should think, Mr. Winchester," observed Cuffe, feverishly glancing at the western margin of the sea, towards which the orb of day was slowly setting, gilding all that side of the vault of heaven with the mellow lustre of the hour and the latitude.

"Not more than twenty, I fear, sir," was the reluctant answer.

"I should think five might suffice, at the worst; especially if the men made a swift run." This was said in a half whisper, and

thick, husky, tones, the Captain looking anxiously at the lieutenant the while.

Winchester shrugged his shoulders, and turned away unwilling to reply.

– Cuffe now had a short consultation with the surgeon, the object of which was to ascertain the minimum of time a man might live suspended by the neck at the yard-arm of a frigate. The result was not favourable; for a sign followed to bring forth the prisoner.

Raoul came on deck, in charge of the master-at-arms, and the officer who had acted as provost-marshal. He was clad in his clean white lazzarone garb, wearing the red Phrygian cap already mentioned. Though his face was pale, no man could detect any tremor in the well-turned muscles that his loose attire exposed to view. He raised his cap courteously to the group of officers, and threw an understanding glance forward at the fearful arrangement on the fore-yard. That he was shocked, when the grating and the rope met his eye, is unquestionable, but, rallying in an instant, he smiled, bowed to Cuffe, and moved towards the scene of his contemplated execution firmly, but without the smallest signs of bravado in his manner.

A death-like stillness prevailed, while the subordinates adjusted the rope, and placed the condemned man on the grating. Then the slack of the rope was drawn in, by hand, and the men were ordered to lay hold of the instrument of death, and to stretch it along the deck.

"Stand by, my lads, to make a swift run, and a strong jerk, at your first pull," said Winchester in a low voice, as he passed down the line. "Rapidity is mercy, at such a moment."

"Good God!" muttered Cuffe, "can the man die in this manner, without a prayer; without even a glance towards heaven, as if asking for mercy?"

"He is an unbeliever, I hear, sir," returned Griffin. "We have offered him all the religious consolation we could; but he seems to wish for none."

"Hail the top-gallant yards once more, Mr. Winchester," said Cuffe, huskily.

"Fore-top-gallant yard, there!"

"Sir?"

"Any signs of the boat?—look well into the bay of Naples; we are opening Campanella now sufficiently to give you a good look up towards the head."

A pause of a minute succeeded. Then the look-out aloft shook his head in the negative, as if unwilling to speak. Winchester glanced at Cuffe, who turned anxiously, mounted a gun, and strained his eyes in a gaze to the northward.

"All ready, sir," said the first-lieutenant, when another minute elapsed.

Cuffe was in the act of raising his hand, which would have been the signal of death, when the dull, heavy report of a distant gun came booming down from the direction of the town of Naples."

"Stand fast!" shouted Cuffe, fearful the men might get the start of him. "Make your mates take their calls from their mouths, sir. Two more guns, Winchester, and I am the happiest man in Nelson's fleet!"

A second gun *did* come just as these words were uttered: then followed a breathless pause of half a minute, when a third, smothered, but unequivocal report succeeded.

"It must be a salute, sir?" Griffin uttered, inquiringly.

"The interval is too long Listen! I hope to God we have had the last!"

Every ear in the ship listened intently, Cuffe holding his watch in his hand. Two entire minutes passed, and no fourth gun was heard. As second after second went by, the expression of the Captain's countenance changed, and then he waved his hand in triumph.

"It's as it should be, gentlemen," said he. "Take the prisoner below, Mr. Winchester. Unreeve the rope; and send that d—d grating off the gun.—Mr. Strand, pipe down the people."

Raoul was immediately led below. As he passed through the after-hatch all the officers on the quarter-deck bowed to him; and not a man was there in the ship who did not feel the happier for the reprieve.

CHAPTER IV.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he 'd journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular anywhere.

Don Juan.

Raoul Yvard was indebted to a piece of forethought in Clinch for his life. But for the three guns, fired so opportunely from the Foudroyant, the execution could not have been stayed; and but for a prudent care on the part of the master's-mate, the guns would never have been fired. The explanation is this: When Cuffe was giving his subordinate instructions how to proceed, the possibility of detention struck the latter, and he bethought him of some expedient by which such an evil might be remedied. At his suggestion, then, the signal of the guns was mentioned by the Captain, in his letter to the

commander-in-chief, and its importance pointed out. When Clinch reached the fleet Nelson was at Castel a Mare, and it became necessary to follow him to that place by land. Here Clinch found him in the palace of Qui-Si-Sane, in attendance on the court, and delivered his despatches. Nothing gave the British Admiral greater pleasure than to be able to show mercy; the instance to the contrary already introduced, existing as an exception in his private character and his public career; and it is possible that an occurrence so recent, and so opposed to his habits, may have induced him the more willingly now to submit to his ordinary impulses, and to grant the respite asked, with the greater promptitude.

"Your Captain tells me here, sir," observed Nelson, after he had read Cuffe's letter a second time, "little doubt exists that Yvard was in the Bay on a love affair, and that his purposes were not those of a spy, after all?"

"Such is the opinion aboard us, my lord," answered the master's-mate. "There are an old man and a very charming young woman in his company, whom Captain Cuffe says

were in the cabin of this ship, on a visit to your lordship, only a few days since."

Nelson started, and his face flushed. Then he seized a pen, and, with the only hand he had, scratched a letter, directing a reprieve until further orders. This he signed, and handed to Clinch, saying, as he did so —

"Get into your boat, sir, and pull back to the frigate as fast as possible; God forbid that any man should suffer wrongfully!"

"I beg your pardon, my lord—but there is not time, now, for me to reach the ship before the sun set. I have a signal prepared in the boat, it is true; but the frigate may not come round Campanella before the last moment, and then all these pains will be lost. Does not Captain Cuffe speak of some guns to be fired from the flag-ship, my lord?"

"He does, sir; and this may be the safest mode of communicating, after all. With this light westerly air, a gun will be heard a long distance at sea. Take the pen, and write as I dictate, sir."

Clinch seized the pen, which the Admiral, who had lost his right arm only a few years before, really felt unable to use, and wrote as follows:

"Sir — Immediately on receipt of this, you will fire three heavy guns, at intervals of half-a-minute, as a signal to the Proserpine to suspend an execution.

"To the Commanding Officer of His Majesty's Ship Foudroyant."

As soon as the magical words of "Nelson and Bronte" were affixed to this order, with a date, Clinch rose to depart. After he had made his bows, he stood with his hand on the lock of the door, as if uncertain whether to prefer a request or not.

"This is a matter of moment, sir; and no time is to be lost," added Nelson. "I feel great anxiety about it, and wish you to desire Captain Cuffe to send you back with a report of all that has passed, as soon as convenient."

"I will report your wishes, my lord," answered Clinch, brightening up; for he only wanted an opportunity to speak of his own promotion, and this was now offered in perspective. "May I tell the commanding officer of the flag-ship to use the lower-deck guns, my lord?"

"He will do that of his own accord, after reading those orders—heavy guns, mean the

heaviest. Good-afternoon, sir; for God's sake, lose no time."

Clinch obeyed this injunction to the letter. He reached the Foudroyant some time before sunset, and immediately placed the order in her captain's hands. A few words of explanation set everything in motion, and the three guns were fired on the side of the ship towards Capri, most opportunely for our hero.

The half-hour that succeeded, on board the Proserpine, was one of gaiety and merriment. Every person was glad that the ship had escaped an execution; and then it was the hour for piping down the hammocks, and for shifting the dog-watches. Cuffe recovered all his animation, and conversed cheerfully, having Griffin for an interpreter, with his two Italian guests. These last had been prevented from paying their visit to the prisoner, on account of the wish of the latter to be alone; but the intention was now renewed; and sending below, to ascertain if it would be agreeable, they proceeded together on their friendly mission. As the two worthies, who had not altogether got their sea-legs, slowly descended the ladder, and threaded their way among the throng of

a ship, the discourse did not flag between them.

"Cospetto!" exclaimed the podestà; "Signor Andrea, we live in a world of wonders! A man can hardly say whether he is actually alive or not. To think how near this false Sir Smees was to death half an hour since! and, now, doubtless he is as much alive, and as merry as any of us!"

"It would be more useful, friend Vito Viti," answered the philosophical Vice-governor, "to remember how near those who live are always to death, who has only to open his gates, to cause the strongest and fairest to pass at once into the tombs."

"By San Stefano! but you have a way with you, Vice-governatore, that would become a cardinal! It 's a thousand pities the church was robbed of such a support; though I do think, Signor Andrea, if your mind would dwell less on another state of being, it would be more cheerful; and I may say more cheering to those with whom you discourse. There are evils enough, in this life, without thinking so much of death."

"There are philosophers who pretend, good

Vito, that nothing we see around us actually has an existence. That we *fancy* everything: fancy that this is a sea called the Mediterranean; fancy this is a ship—yonder is the land; fancy that we live; and even fancy death."

"Corpo di Bacco! Signor Andrea," exclaimed the other, stopping short at the foot of the ladder, and seizing his companion by a button, afraid he would desert him in the midst of a strange delusion, "you would not trifle in such a manner with an old friend—one who has known you from childhood? *Fancy* that I am alive!"

"*Sì*—I have told you only the truth. The imagination is very strong, and may easily give the semblance of reality to unreal things."

"And that I am not a podestà in fact, but one only in fancy!"

"Just so, friend Vito; and that I am only a vice-governatore, too, in the imagination."

"And that Elba is not a real island, or Porto Ferrajo a real town; and that even all our iron, of which we *seem* to send so much about the world, in good, wholesome ships, is only a sort of ghost of solid substantial metal!"

"*Sì—sì*—that everything which appears to be material, is, in fact, imaginary; iron, gold, or flesh."

"And then I am not Vito Viti, but an impostor? What a rascally philosophy is this! Why, both of us are as bad as this Sir Smees, if what you say be true, Vice-governatore—or make-believe Vice-governatore."

"Not an impostor, friend Vito; for there is no real being of thy name, if thou art not he."

"Diavolo! A pretty theory this, which would teach the young people of Elba that there is no actual podestà in the island, but only a poor miserable sham one; and no Vito Viti on earth. If they get to think this, God help the place, as to order and sobriety."

"I do not think, neighbour, that you fully understand the matter, which may be owing to a want of clearness on my part; but as we are now on our way to visit an unfortunate prisoner, we may as well postpone the discussion to another time. There are many leisure moments on board a ship, to the language of which one is a stranger, that might be usefully and agreeably relieved by going into the subject more at large."

"Your pardon, Signor Andrea; but there is no time like the present. Then, if the theory be true, there is no prisoner at all — or, at the most, an imaginary one — and it can do Sir Smees no harm to wait; while, on the other hand, I shall not have a moment's peace, until I learn whether there is such a man as Vito Viti, or not, and whether I am he."

"Brother Vito, thou art impatient; these things are not learned in a moment; moreover, every system has a beginning and an end, like a book; and who would ever become learned, who should attempt to read a treatise backward?"

"I know what is due to you, Signor Andrea, both on account of your higher rank, and on account of your greater wisdom, and will say no more at present; though to keep from *thinking* on a philosophy that teaches I am not a podestà, or you a vice-governatore, is more than flesh and blood can bear."

Andrea Barrofaldi, glad that his companion was momentarily appeased, now proceeded towards Raoul's little prison, and was immediately admitted by the sentry, who had his orders to that effect. The prisoner received his

guests courteously and cheerfully; for we are far from wishing to represent him as so heroic as not to rejoice exceedingly at having escaped death by hanging, even though it might prove to be a respite, rather than a pardon. At such a moment, the young man could have excused a much more offensive intrusion, and the sudden change in his prospects disposed him a little to be jocular; for truth compels us to add, that gratitude to God entered but little into his emotions. The escape from death, like his capture, and the other incidents of his cruise, were viewed simply as the results of the fortune of war.

Winchester had directed that Raoul's stateroom should be supplied with every little convenience which his situation required, and, among other things, it had two common ship's stools. One of these was given to each of the Italians, while the prisoner took a seat on the guntackle of one of the two guns that formed the sides of his apartment. It was now night, and a mist had gathered over the arch above, which hid the stars, and rendered it quite dark. Still, Raoul had neither lamp nor candles; and, though they had been offered him, he declined

their use, as he had found stranger eyes occasionally peeping through the openings in the canvass, with the idle curiosity of the vulgar, to ascertain the appearance and employments of one condemned to die. He had experienced a good deal of annoyance from this feeling the previous night; and the same desire existing to see how a criminal could bear a respite, he had determined to pass his evening in obscurity. There was a lantern or two, however, on the gun-deck, which threw a dim light, even beyond the limits of the canvass bulk-heads. As has been said already, these bulk-heads extended from gun to gun, so as to admit light and air from the ports. This brought the tackles, on one side, into the room; and on one of these Raoul now took his seat.

Andrea Barrofaldi, from his superior condition in life, as well as from his better education, and nicer natural tact, far surpassed his companion in courtesy of demeanour. The latter would have plunged *in medias res* at once, but the Vice-governor commenced a conversation on general matters, intending to offer his congratulations for the recent respite, when he conceived that a suitable occasion

should offer. This was an unfortunate delay in one respect; for Vito Viti no sooner found that the main object of the visit was to be postponed, than he turned with eagerness to the subject in discussion, which had been interrupted in order to enter the state-room.

"Here has the vice-governatore come forward with a theory, Sir Smees," he commenced the moment a pause in the discourse left him an opening—"here has the vice-governatore come forward with a theory, that I insist the Church would call damnable, and at which human nature revolts."

"Nay, good Vito, thou dost not state the case fairly," interrupted Andrea, whose spirit was a little aroused at so abrupt an assault. "The theory is not mine; it is that of a certain English philosopher, in particular, who, let it be said, too, was a bishop."

"A Lutheran!—was it not so, honourable Signor Andrea?—a bishop so called?"

"Why, to confess the truth, he *was* a heretic, and not to be considered as an apostle of the true Church."

"Ay, I would have sworn to that. No true son of the Church would ever broach such

a doctrine. Only fancy, signori, the number of imaginary fires, tongs, and other instruments of torture that would become necessary to carry on punishment under such a system! To be consistent, even the devils ought to be imaginary."

"*Comment*, signori!" exclaimed Raoul, smiling, and arousing to a sudden interest in the discourse; "did any English bishop ever broach such a doctrine? Imaginary devils, and imaginary places of punishment, are coming near to our revolutionary France! After this, I hope our much abused philosophy will meet with more respect."

"My neighbour has not understood the theory of which he speaks," answered Andrea, too good a Churchman not to feel uneasiness at the direction things were taking; "and so, worthy Vito Viti, I feel the necessity of explaining the whole matter at some length. Sir Smees,"—so the Italians called Raoul, out of courtesy, still, it being awkward for them, after all that had passed, to address him by his real name,—"Sir Smees will excuse us, for a few minutes; perhaps it may serve to amuse him, to hear to what a flight the imagination of a subtle-minded man can soar."

Raoul civilly expressed the satisfaction it would give him to listen, and stretching himself on the gun-tackle, in order to be more at ease, he leaned back with his head fairly within the port, while his feet were braced against the inner truck of the gun-carriage. This threw him into a somewhat recumbent attitude, but it being understood as intended to render what was but an inconvenient seat at the best, tolerably comfortable, no one thought it improper.

It is unnecessary for us to repeat here, all that Andrea Barrofaldi thought proper to say, in his own justification, and in explanation of the celebrated theory of Bishop Berkeley. Such a task was not performed in a minute; and, in truth, prolixity, whenever he got upon a favourite theme, was apt to be one of the vice-governor's weaknesses. He was far from acquiescing in the doctrine, though he annoyed his old neighbour exceedingly, by presenting the subject in such a way as to render it respectable in appearance, if not conclusive in argument. To the latter it was peculiarly unpleasant to imagine, even for the sake of argument, that there was

no such island as Elba, and that he was not its podestà; and all his personal and egotistical propensities came in aid of his official reluctance, to disgust him thoroughly with a theory which he did not hesitate to say, "was an outrage on every honest man's nature."

"There are fellows in the world, Signor Andrea," the straightforward podestà urged, in continuation of his objections, "who might be glad enough to find everything imaginary, as you say—chaps that cannot sleep of nights for bad consciences, and to whom it would be a great blessing if the earth would throw them overboard, as they say in this ship, and let them fall into the great ocean of oblivion. But they are baroni in grain, and ought not to pass for anything material among honest people. I've known several of those rogues at Livorno, and, I dare say, Napoli is not altogether without them; but that is a very different matter from telling a handsome and virtuous young maiden, that her beauty and modesty are both seeming; and respectable magistrates, that they are as great impostors as the very rogues they send to the prisons; or, perhaps, to the galleys."

To speeches like these, Andrea opposed his explanations and his philosophy, until the discussion became animated, and the dialogue loud. It is rather a peculiarity of Italy that one of the softest languages of Christendom is frequently rendered harsh and unpleasant by the mode of using it. On this occasion, certainly, the animation of the disputants did not mitigate the evil. Griffin happened to pass the spot on the outside of the canvass just at this moment, and catching some of the words, he stopped to listen. His smiles and translations soon collected a group of officers; and the sentry respectfully dropping a little on one side, the deck around the state-room of the prisoner became a sort of parquet to a very amusing representation. Several of the young gentlemen understood a little Italian, and Griffin translating rapidly, though in an under tone, the whole affair was deemed to be particularly diverting.

"This is a rum way of consoling a man who is condemned to die," muttered the master: "I wonder the Frenchman stands all their nonsense."

"Oh!" rejoined the marine officer, "drill

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will do anything. These revolutionists are so drilled into hypocrisy that I dare say the fellow is grinning the whole time, as if perfectly delighted."

Raoul, in fact, listened with no little amusement. At first his voice was occasionally heard in the discussion, evidently aiming at exciting the disputants; but the warmth of the latter soon silenced him, and he was fain to do nothing but listen. Shortly after the discussion became warm, and just as Griffin was collecting his group, the prisoner stretched himself still further into the port, to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze, when, to his surprise, a hand was laid gently on his forehead.

"Hush!" whispered a voice close to his ear, "it is the American—Ithuel—be cool;—now is the moment to pull for life."

Raoul had too much self-command to betray his astonishment, but in an instant every faculty he possessed was on the alert. Ithuel, he knew, was a man for exigencies. Experience had taught him a profound respect for his enterprise and daring, when it became necessary to act. Something must certainly be in

the wind worthy of his attention, or this cautious person would not have exposed himself in a situation which would be sure to lead to punishment, if detected. Ithuel was seated astride of one of the chains beneath the main channel of the ship, a position which might be maintained without detection possibly so long as it continued dark; but which in itself, if seen, would have been taken as a proof of an evil intention.

"What would you have, Etooelle?" whispered Raoul, who perceived that his companions were too much occupied to observe his movements or to hear his words.

"The *Eye*talian and his niece are about to go ashore. Everything is ready and understood. I 've consaited you might pass out of the port in the dark, and escape in the boat. Keep quiet—we shall see."

Raoul understood his respite to be a thing of doubtful termination. Under the most favourable results an English prison remained in perspective, and then the other side of the picture offered the image of Ghita to his eye. He was in a tumult of feeling, but, accustomed to self-command, still no exclamation escaped him.

"When, cher Etooelle? *when?*" he asked, his whisper being tremulous, in spite of every effort to command himself.

"Now—*too-der-sweet—(tout-de-suite)*—the boat is at the gangway, and old Giuntotardi is in her; they are rigging a chair for the gal.—Ay—there she swings off!—don't you hear the call?"

Raoul did hear the whistle of the boatswain, which was piping "lower away" at that very moment. He listened intently as he lay stretched upon the gun-tackles, and then he heard the splash in the water, as the boat was hauled closer to, in order to be brought beneath the chair. The rattling of oars too was audible, as Ghita left the seat and moved aft. "Round in," called out the officer of the deck, after which Carlo Giuntotardi was left in quiet possession of his own boat.

The moment was exceedingly critical. Some one in all probability was watching the boat from the deck; and though the night was dark, it required the utmost caution to proceed with any hopes of success. At this instant Ithuel again whispered—

"The time's near. Old Carlo has his or-

ders, and little Ghita is alive to see them obeyed. All now depends on silence and activity. In less than five minutes the boat will be under the port."

Raoul understood the plan, but it struck him as hopeless. It seemed impossible that Ghita could be permitted to quit the ship without a hundred eyes watching her movements; and though it was dark it was far from being sufficiently so to suppose it practicable for any one to join her and not be seen. Yet this risk must be taken, or escape was out of the question. An order given through the trumpet was encouraging; it announced that the officer of the watch was employed at some duty that must draw his attention another way. This was a great deal; few presuming to look aside while this functionary was inviting their attention in another direction.

Raoul's brain was in a whirl. The two Italians were at the height of their discussion; and fortunately, the clamour they made was at the loudest. Even the suppressed laughter of the officers on the outside of the canvass was audible to *him*; though the disputants could hear nothing but their own voices. Every

knock of the boat against the ship's side, every sound of the oars as Carlo's foot rattled them about, and the wash of the water, were audible. It seemed as if all the interests of life—the future, the past, and the present, together with the emotions of his whole heart, were compressed into that single instant. Ignorant of what was expected, he asked Ithuel in French the course he ought to take.

"Am I to fall, head-foremost, into the water? What would you have of me?" he whispered.

"Lie quiet till I tell you to move. I'll make the signal, Captain Rule; let the Eyetalians blaze away."

Raoul could not see the water, as he lay with his head fairly in the port; and he had to trust entirely to the single sense of hearing. Knock, knock, knock; the boat dropped slowly along the ship's side, as if preparing to shove off. All this Carlo Giuntotardi managed exceedingly well. When he lay immediately beneath the main-channels, it would not have been an easy thing to see his boat, even had there been any one on the look-out. Here he held on; for he was not so lost to external things as not

fully to understand what was expected of him. Perhaps he was less attended to by those on deck, from the circumstance that no one believed him capable of so much worldly care.

"Is everything safe for a movement, inboard?" whispered Ithuel.

Raoul raised his head and looked about him. That a group was collected around the state-room he understood by the movements, the low conversation, and the suppressed laughter; still, no one seemed to be paying any attention to himself. As he had not spoken for some time, however, he thought it might be well to let his voice be heard; and, taking care that it should sound well within the port, he made one of the light objections to the vice-governor's theory, which he had urged at the commencement of the controversy. This was little heeded, as he expected; but it served to make those without know that he was in his prison, and might prevent an untimely discovery. Everything else seemed propitious; and laying down again, at his length, his face came within a few inches of Ithuel's.

"All safe," he whispered; "what would you have me do?"

"Nothing, but shove yourself a-head carefully, by means of your feet."

This Raoul did; at first, as it might be, inch by inch, until Ithuel put the end of a rope into his hands, telling him it was well fast to the channel above. The rope rendered the rest easy; the only danger now being of too much precipitation. Nothing would have been easier than for Raoul to drag his body out at the port, and to drop into the boat; but, to escape, it was still necessary to avoid observation. The ship was full half-a-league from the point of Campanella, and directly abreast of it; and there was no security to the fugitives unless they got some distance the start of any pursuers. This consideration induced the utmost caution on the part of Ithuel; nor was it entirely lost on his friend. By this time, however, Raoul found he was so completely master of his movements as to be able to swing his legs out of the port, by a very trifling effort; then the descent into the boat would be the easiest thing imaginable. But a pressure from the hand of Ithuel checked him.

" Wait a little," whispered the latter, " till the Eyetalians are at it, cat and dog fashion."

The discussion was now so loud and warm that it was not necessary to lose much time. Ithuel gave the signal, and Raoul dragged his head and shoulders up by his arms, while he placed his feet against the gun; the next moment he was hanging perpendicularly beneath the main-chains. To drop lightly and noiselessly into the boat took but a second. When his feet touched a thwart, he found that the American was there before him. The latter dragged him down to his side, and the two lay concealed in the bottom of the yawl, with a cloak of Ghita's thrown over their persons Carlo Giuntotardi was accustomed to the management of a craft like that in which he now found himself; simply releasing his boat-hook from one of the chains, the ship passed slowly a-head, leaving him, in about a minute, fairly in her wake, a hundred feet astern.

So far, everything had succeeded surprisingly. The night was so dark as to embolden the two fugitives now to rise, and to take their seats on the thwarts; though all this was done with exceeding caution, and without the least

noise. The oars were soon out, Carlo took the tiller, and a feeling of exultation glowed at the heart of Raoul, as he bent to his ashen implement, and felt the boat quiver with the impulse.

"Take it coolly, Captain Rule," said Ithuel, in a low voice; "it's a long pull, and we are still within ear-shot of the frigate. In five minutes more we shall be dropped so far as to be beyond sight; then we may pull directly out to sea, if we wish."

Just then the bell of the Proserpine struck four; the signal that it was eight o'clock. Immediately afterwards the watch was called, and a stir succeeded in the ship.

"They only turn the hands up," said Raoul, who perceived that his companion paused, like one uneasy.

"That is an uncommon movement for shifting the watch! What is *that?*"

It was clearly the overhauling of tackles: the plash of a boat, as it struck the water, followed.

CHAPTER V.

Our dangers, and delights, are near allies ;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise.
ALLEYN.

It has been seen that a generous sympathy had taken place of hostile feeling, as respects Raoul, in the minds of most on board the Proserpine. Under the influence of this sentiment, an order had been passed through the sentries, not to molest their prisoner, by too frequent or unnecessary an examination of the state-room. With a view to a proper regard both to delicacy and watchfulness, however, Winchester had directed that the angle of the canvass nearest the cabin-door lantern should be opened a few inches, and that the sentinel should look in every half-hour, or as often as the ship's bell told the progress of time. The object was simply to be certain that the prisoner was in his room, and that

he was making no attempt on his own life; a step that had been particularly apprehended previously to the respite. Now, the whole of the dispute between the two Italians, and that which had passed beneath the ship's channels, did not occupy more than six or seven minutes; and the little cluster of officers was still gaining recruits, when Raoul was fairly in the yawl of his own lugger. At this moment the ship's bell struck the hour of half-past seven. The marine advanced, with the respect of a subordinate, but with the steadiness of a man on post, to examine the state-room. Although the gentlemen believed this caution unnecessary, the loud voices of Andrea and Vito Viti being of themselves a sort of guarantee that the prisoner was in his cage, they gave way to a man, fully understanding that a sentinel was never to be resisted. The canvass was opened a few inches, the light of the lantern at the cabin-door shot in, and there sat the vice-governor and the podestà, gesticulating, and staring into each other's face, still in hot dispute; — but the place of Raoul Yvard was empty!

Yelverton happened to look into the room

with the sentinel. He was a young man of strong powers of perception, with all the phrenological bumps necessary to the character, and he saw, at a glance, that the bird had flown. The first impression was, that the prisoner had thrown himself into the sea, and he rushed on deck, without speaking to those around him, made a hurried statement to the officer of the deck, and had a quarter-boat in the water in a surprisingly short time. His astonished companions below, were less precipitate, though the material fact was soon known to them. Griffin gave a hasty order, and the canvass bulk-head came down, as it might be, at a single jerk, leaving the two disputants in full view, utterly unconscious of the escape of their late companion, sputtering and gesticulating furiously.

"Halloo! vice-governor," cried Griffin, abruptly, for he saw that the moment was not one for ceremony; "what have you done with the Frenchman? — where is Raoul Yvard!"

"Il Signor, Sir Smees? Monsieur Yvard, if you will? Neighbour Vito, what, indeed, has become of the man who so lately sat *there?*"

"Cospetto! — according to your doctrine, Signor Andrea, there never was a man there at all—only the imagination of one; it is not surprising that such a being should be missed. But I protest against any inferences being drawn from this accident. All Frenchmen are flighty and easily carried away, and now that they are no longer ballasted by religion, they are so many moral feathers. No, no, let a man of respectable information, of sound principles, and a love for the saints, with a good substantial body like myself, vanish only once, and then I may confess, it will tell in favour of your logic, vice-governatore."

"An obstinate man, neighbour Vito, is a type of the imperfections that a—"

"Your pardon, Signor Barrofaldi," interrupted Griffin; "this is not a moment for philosophical theories, but for us seamen to do our duty. What has become of Raoul Yvard—your Sir Smees?".

"Signor Tenente, as I hope to be saved, I have not the smallest idea! There he was, a minute or two since, seated by that cannon, apparently an attentive and much edified auditor of a discussion we were holding on the

celebrated theory of a certain bishop of your own country; which theory, rightly considered — mind I say *rightly considered*, neighbour Vito; for the view you have taken of this matter is—"

"Enough of this for the present, Signori," added Griffin. "The Frenchman was in this place when you came here?"

"He was, Signor Tenente, and seemed greatly to enjoy the discussion in which—"

"And you have not seen him quit you, through the canvass, or the port?"

"Not I, on my honour; I did suppose him too much entertained to leave us."

"Ah! Sir Smees has just vanished into the imagination," growled the podestà, "which is going home to the great logical family of which he is an ideal member! There being no lugger, no corsair, no sea, and no frigate, it seems to me that we are all making a stir about nothing."

Griffin did not stop to question farther. He was quickly on deck, where he found Cuffe, who had just been brought out of his cabin by a hurried report.

"What the d—l is the meaning of all this,

gentlemen?" demanded the latter, in that tone which a commander so naturally assumes when things go wrong. "Whoever has suffered the prisoner to escape may expect to hear from the Admiral directly, on the subject."

"He is not in his state-room, sir," answered Griffin, "and I directed the boatswain to pipe away all the boats'-crews as I came up the ladder."

As this was said, boat after boat was falling, and in two or three minutes no less than five were in the water, including that in which Yelverton was already rowing round the ship to catch the presumed swimmer, or drowning man.

"The Frenchman is gone, sir," said Winchester, "and he must have passed out of the port. I have sent one of the gentlemen to examine if he is not stowed away about the chains."

"Where is the boat of the old Italian and his niece?"

A pause succeeded this question, and light broke in upon all at the same instant.

"That yawl *was* alongside," cried Griffin;

" no one was in her, however, but Giuntotardi and the girl."

" Beg your pardon, sir," said a young fore-top-man, who had just descended the rigging, " I saw the boat from aloft, sir, and it hung some time, sir, under the starboard main-chains. It is so dark I couldn't fairly make it out; but summat seemed to be passed into it from a port. I didn't like the look of the thing, and so our captain just told me to come on deck and report it, sir."

" Send Ithuel Bolt here, Mr. Winchester; bear a hand, sir, and let us have a look at that gentleman."

It is needless to say that the call was unanswered; and then all on board began to understand the mode of the escape. Officers rushed into the several boats, and no less than five different parties commenced the pursuit. At the same time the ship hoisted a lantern, as a signal for the boats to rally to.

It has been said that the Proserpine, when this incident occurred, was off the point of the Campanella, distant about half a marine league. The wind was light at east, or was what is called the land breeze, and the vessel

had about three knots way on her. The headland was nearly abeam, and she was looking up through the pass which separates Capri from the main, hauling round into the Bay of Naples; intending to anchor in the berth she had left the previous day. The night was too dark to permit an object small as a boat to be seen at any distance, but the black mass of Capri was plainly visible in its outlines, towering into the air near two thousand feet; while the formation of the coast on the other side might be traced with tolerable certainty and distinctness. Such was the state of things when the five boats mentioned quitted the ship.

Yelverton had acted as if a man were overboard; or, he had not waited for orders. While pulling round the ship alone, he caught sight, though very dimly, of the yawl, as it moved in towards the land, and without communicating with any on board, the truth flashed on his mind also, and he gave chase. When the other boats were ready, the two that were on the outside of the ship pulled off to seaward a short distance, to look about them in that direction; while the two others, hearing the

oars of the light gig, in which Yelverton was glancing ahead, followed the sound, under the impression that they were in pursuit of the yawl. Such was the state of things at the commencement of an exceedingly vigorous and hot pursuit.

As Raoul and Ithuel had been at work, while time was lost in doubt in and around the ship, they had got about three hundred yards the start of even Yelverton. Their boat pulled unusually well, and being intended for only two oars, it might be deemed full manned, with two as vigorous hands in it as those it had. Still it was not a match for the second gig, and the four chosen men who composed its crew, which was the boat taken by Yelverton in the hurry of the moment. In a pull of a mile and a half the yawl was certain to be overtaken, and the practised ears of Raoul soon assured him of the fact. His own oars were muffled. He determined to profit by the circumstance, and turn aside, in the hope that his fleet pursuers would pass him unseen. A sheer was accordingly given to the boat, and instead of pulling directly towards the land, the fugitives inclined to the westward; the sea appearing

the most obscure in that direction, on account of the proximity of Capri. This artifice was completely successful. Yelverton was so eager in the chase that he kept his eyes riveted before him, fancying from time to time that he saw the boat ahead; and he passed within a hundred and fifty yards of the yawl, without in the least suspecting her vicinity. Raoul and Ithuel ceased rowing, to permit this exchange of position, and the former had a few sarcastic remarks on the stupidity of his enemies, as some relief to the feelings of the moment. None of the English had muffled oars. On the contrary, the sounds of the regular man-of-war jerks were quite audible in every direction; but so familiar were they to the ears of the Proserpines that the crews of the two boats that came next after Yelverton actually followed the sounds of his oars, under the belief that they were in the wake of the fugitives. In this manner, then, Raoul suffered three of the five boats to pass ahead of him. The remaining two were so distant as not to be heard; and when those in advance were sufficiently a-head, he and Ithuel followed them with a leisurely stroke, reserving themselves for any emergency that might occur.

It was a fair race between the gig and the two cutters that pursued her. The last had the sounds of the former's oars in the ears of their crews to urge them to exertion; it being supposed they came from the strokes of the pursued, while Yelverton was burning with the desire to outstrip those who followed, and to secure the prize for himself. This made easy work for those in the yawl, which was soon left more than a cable's-length astern.

"One would think, Ghita," said Raoul, laughing, though he had the precaution to speak in an under-tone—"one would think that your old friends, the vice-governatore and the podestà, commanded the boats in-shore of us, were it not known that they are this very moment quarrelling about the fact, whether there is such a place as Elba on this great planet of ours, or not."

"Ah! Raoul, remember the last dreadful eight-and-forty hours! do not stop to trifle, until we are once more fairly beyond the power of your enemies."

"*Peste!*—I shall be obliged to own, hereafter, that there is some generosity in an Englishman. I cannot deny their treatment, and

yet I had rather it had been more ferocious."

"This is an unkind feeling; you should strive to tear it from your heart."

"It's a great deal to allow to an Englishman, Captain Rule, to allow him gineros'ty," interrupted Ithuel. "They're a fierce race, and fatten on mortal misery."

"*Mais, bon Etooelle*, your back has escaped this time; you ought to be thankful."

"They're short-handed, and didn't like to cripple a top-man," answered he of the Granite State, unwilling to concede anything to liberal or just sentiments. "Had the ship's complement been full, they wouldn't have left as much skin on my back as would cover the smallest-sized pincushion. I owe 'em no thanks, therefore."

"*Bien; quant à moi*, I shall speak well of the bridge which carries me over," said Raoul. "Monsieur Cuffe has given me good food, good wine, good words, a good state-room, a good bed, and a most timely reprieve."

"Is not your heart grateful to God for the last, dear Raoul?" asked Ghita, in a voice so gentle and tender that the young

man could have bowed down and worshiped her.

After a pause, however, he answered as if intentionally to avoid the question by levity.

"I forgot the philosophy, too," he said. "*That* was no small part of the good cheer. *Ciel!* it was worth some risk to have the advantage of attending such a school. Did you understand the matter in dispute between the two Italians, brave Etooelle?"

"I heerd their *Eye*-talian jabber," answered Ithuel, "but supposed it was all about saints' days and eating fish. No reasonable man makes so much noise when he is talking sense."

"Pardie—it was *philosophy!* They laugh at us French for living by the rules of reason rather than those of prejudice; and then to hear what *they* call philosophy! You would scarce think it, Ghita," continued Raoul, who was now light of heart, and full of the scéne he had so recently witnessed, "you would hardly think it, Ghita, but Signor Andrea, sensible and learned as he is, maintained that it was not folly to believe in a philosophy which teaches that nothing we see or do ac-

tually exists, but that everything is mere seeming. In short, that we live in an imaginary world, with imaginary people in it; float on an imaginary sea, and cruise in imaginary ships."

"And was all that noise about an idee, Captain Rule?"

"*Sì*—but men will quarrel about an idee—an imaginary thing, Etooelle, as stoutly as about substantials. Hist! they will chase imaginary things, too, as are the boats ahead of us at this moment."

"There are others following us," observed Carlo Giuntotardi, who was more alive to surrounding objects than common, and who, from his habitual silence, often heard that which escaped the senses of others. "I have noticed the sound of their oars some time."

This produced a pause, and even a cessation in the rowing, in order that the two seamen might listen. Sure enough the sound of oars was audible outside, as well as in-shore, leaving no doubt that some pursuers were still behind them. This was bringing the fugitives between two fires, as it might be; and Ithuel proposed pulling off at right angles to the

course again, in order to get into the rear of the whole party. But to this Raoul objected. He thought the boats astern were still so distant as to enable them to reach the shore in time to escape. Once on the rocks, there could be little danger of being overtaken in the darkness. Still, as it was a first object with Raoul to rejoin his lugger as soon as possible after landing Ghita, he did not wish to place his boat in any situation of much risk. This induced some deliberation; and it was finally determined to take a middle course, by steering into the pass between Capri and Campanella, in the expectation that when the leading English boats reached the point of the latter they would abandon the pursuit as hopeless, and return to the ship.

"We can land you, dearest Ghita, at the Marina Grande of Sorrento; then your walk to St. Agata will be neither long nor painful."

"Do not mind me, Raoul; put me on the land at the nearest place, and go you to your vessel. God has relieved you from this great jeopardy, and your duty is to strive to act as it is evident he intends you to do. As for me, leagues will

be light, if I can only be satisfied that thou art in safety."

"Angel! — Thou never thinkest of self! But not a foot this side of Sorrento will I quit thee. We can pull thither in an hour or two; then I shall feel that I have done a duty. Once ashore, Etooelle and I can set our little sail, and will run out to sea between the two islands. No fear but what we can do that, with this land breeze; after which, a few rockets burned, will tell us where to find Le Feu-Follet."

Ghita again remonstrated, but in vain. Raoul persisted, and she was obliged to submit. The conversation now ceased; the two men plying the oars diligently, and to good effect. Occasionally they ceased, and listened to the sounds of the oars in the frigate's boats, all which were evidently collecting in the vicinity of the point or cape. By this time the yawl had the extremity of the land abeam, and it soon passed so far into the Bay as to bring most, if not all of the pursuers astern. In the darkness, with no other guide than the sounds mentioned, and with so many pursuers, there was some uncertainty of course as to the position of all the boats; but there was little doubt that most of

them were now somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Campanella. As Raoul gave this point a good berth, and his own progress was noiseless, this was bringing himself and companions, after their recent dangers, into comparative security.

More than an hour of steady rowing followed, during which time the yawl was making swift way towards the Marina Grande of Sorrento. After passing Massa, Raoul felt no further uneasiness, and he requested Carlo Giuntotardi to sheer in towards the land, where less resistance from the breeze was met with, and where it was also easier to know the precise position. Apprehension of the boats now ceased, though Ithuel fancied, from time to time, that he heard smothered sounds, like those of oars imperfectly muffled. Raoul laughed at his conceits and apprehensions, and, to confess the truth, he became negligent of his duty again, in the soothing delight of finding himself once more free, in all but heart, in the company of Ghita. In this manner the yawl moved ahead, though with materially diminished speed, until, by the formation of the heights, and the appear-

ance of the lamps and candles on the piano, Ghita knew that they were drawing quite near to the indentation of the coast on which is situated the town of Sorrento.

"As soon as my uncle and myself have landed at the Marina Grande, Raoul," said Ghita, "thou and the American will be certain to seek thy lugger; then thou promisest to quit the coast?"

"Why ask promises of one whom thou dost not sufficiently respect to think he will keep them?"

"I do not deserve this, Raoul; between thee and me, no promise has ever been broken."

"It is not easy to break vows with one who will neither give nor accept them. I cannot boast of keeping such idle faith as this! Go with me before some priest, Ghita, ask all that man ever has or can swear to, and then thou shalt see how a sailor can be true to his vow."

"And why before a priest? Thou know'st, Raoul, that, in thine eyes, all the offices of the Church are mummery; that nothing is more sacred with thee for being sworn to at the altar of God, and with one of his holy ministers for a witness!"

" Every oath or promise made to *thee*, Ghita, is sacred, in my eyes. It wanteth not any witness, or any consecrated place, to make it more binding than thy truth and tenderness can insure. Thou art my *priest* — my *altar* — my —"

" Forbear!" exclaimed Ghita, in alarm lest he should utter the name of that holy Being towards whom her heart was even at that moment swelling with gratitude for his own recent escape from death. " Thou know'st not the meaning of thine own words, and might'st add that which would give me more pain than I can express."

" Boat, ahoy!" cried a deep, nautical voice, within twenty yards of them, and in-shore; the hail coming in the sudden, quick demand that distinguishes the call of a man-of-war's-man.

A pause of half a minute succeeded, for they in the yawl were completely taken by surprise.

At length Ithuel, who felt the necessity of saying something, if he would not bring the stranger close alongside of them, answered in the customary manner of the Italians.

Clinch, for it was he, scouring the shore in

quest of the lugger, on his way back to the Proserpine, gave a growl, when he found that he must speak in a foreign tongue if he would continue the discourse; then he mustered all the Italian of which he was master for the occasion. Having cruised long on the station, this was sufficient, however, for his present purpose.

"Is that a boat from Massa or from Capri?" he inquired.

"Neither, S'nore," answered Raoul, afraid to trust Carlo's conscience with the management of such a dialogue. "We come round the cape, from St. Agata, and carry figs to Napoli."

"St. Agata! ay, that is the village on the heights; I passed a night there, myself, in the house of one Maria Giuntotardi—"

"Who can this be?" murmured Ghita; "my aunt knows no forestieri!"

"An Inglese, by his thick speech and accent. I hope he will not ask for figs for his supper!"

Clinch was thinking of other things at that moment; and when he continued, it was to follow the train of his own thoughts.

"Have you seen anything of a barone-look-

ing lugger," he asked, "French-rigged, and French manned, skulking anywhere about this coast?"

"*Sì*; she went north, into the Gulf of Gaeta, just as the sun was setting, and is, no doubt, gone to anchor under the cannon of her countrymen."

"If she has, she'll find herself in hot water," answered Clinch, in English. "We've craft enough, up there, to hoist her in and dub her down to a jolly-boat's size, in a single watch. Did you see anything of a frigate, this evening, near the Point of Campanella?—An Inglese, I mean; a tight six-and-thirty, with three new topsails."

"*Sì*; the light you see here, just in a range with Capri, is at her gaff; we have seen her the whole afternoon and evening. In fact, she towed us kindly round the cape, until we got fairly into this Bay."

"Then you are the people for me!—Was there a man hanged on board her or not, about sunset?"

This question was put with so much interest, that Raoul cursed his interrogator in his heart; imagining that he was burning with the wish

to learn his own execution. He was also now aware that this was the boat which had left the Proserpine about noon.

"I can tell you there was not, s'nore, if that will gladden your heart. A man was all *ready* to be hanged, when Capitaine Cuffe was pleased to order him to be taken down."

"Just as three heavy guns were fired up at town: was it not so?" Clinch eagerly inquired.

"*Diable!* this man may have been my preserver, after all!—You say true, s'nore; it *was* just as three guns were fired up at Naples, though I did not know those guns had anything to do with the intended execution. Can you tell me if they had?"

"If they had!—Why I touched them off with my own hands; they were signals made by the Admiral to spare poor Raoul Yvard, for a few days, at least. I am rejoiced to hear that all my great efforts to reach the fleet were not in vain. I don't like this hanging, Mr. Italian."

"S'nore, you show a kind heart, and will one day reap the reward of such generous feelings. I wish I knew the name of so humane a

gentleman, that I might mention him in my prayers."

"They'll never fancy that Captain Rule said *that*," muttered Ithuel, grinning.

"As for my name, friend, it's no great matter. They call me Clinch, which is a good fast word to sail under, too; but it has no handle to it, other than of a poor devil of a master's-mate; and that, too, at an age when some men carry broad-pennants."

This was said bitterly, and in English; when uttered, the supposed Italian was wished a "buona sera," and the gig proceeded.

"That is *un brave*," said Raoul, with emphasis, as they parted. "If ever I meet with Monsieur Cleench he will learn that I do not forget his good wishes. *Peste!* if there were a hundred such men in the British marine, Etoocelle, we might love it."

"They 're fiery sarpents, Captain Rule, and not to be trusted, any on 'em. As for fine words, I might have fancied myself a cousin of the King, if I'd only put my name to their shipping articles. This Mr. Clinch is well enough in the main; being his own worst inimy, in the way of the grog pitcher."

"Boat, ahoy!" shouted Clinch again, now about a hundred yards distant, having passed towards the cape. Raoul and Ithuel mechanically ceased rowing, under the impression that the master's-mate had still something to communicate.

"Boat, ahoy! Answer at once, or you'll hear from me," repeated Clinch.

"Ay, ay," answered another voice, which, in fact, was Yelverton's. "Clinch, is that you?"

"Ay, ay, sir—Mr. Yelverton, is it not? I think I know the voice, sir."

"You are quite right; but make less noise—who was that you hailed a minute or two since?"

Clinch began to answer; but, as the two gigs were approaching each other all the time, they were soon so near as to render it unnecessary to speak loud enough to be heard at any distance. All this time Raoul and Ithuel lay on their oars, almost afraid to stir the water, and listening with an attention that was nearly breathless. They were satisfied that the oars of the English were now muffled; a sign that they were in earnest in the pursuit, and bent on making a thorough search.

The two gigs could not be more than a hundred yards from the yawl, and Ithuel knew that they were the two fastest-rowing boats of the English fleet—so fast, indeed, that Cuffe and his lieutenants had made several successful matches with them, against the officers of different vessels.

"Hist!" said Ghita, whose heart was in her mouth. "Oh! Raoul, they come!"

Coming indeed they were, and that with vast velocity. So careful, however, was the stroke that they were within two hundred feet of the yawl before Raoul and his companion took the alarm, and plunged their own oars again into the water. Then, indeed, the gigs might be dimly seen, though the shadows of the land deepened the obscurity of night so far as to render objects at even a less distance quite indistinct. The suddenness and imminency of the danger appeared to arouse all there was of life in Carlo Giuntotardi. He steered, and steered well, being accustomed to the office, by living so long on the coast; and he sheered in for the rocks, with the double view of landing, if necessary, and of getting still deeper within the shadows.

It was soon evident that the English gained. Four oars against two were fearful odds; and it was plainly apparent that the yawl must be overtaken.

"Oh! uncle, towards the arch and water-cavern of the point!" whispered Ghita, whose hands were clasped on her breast, as if to keep down her emotions. "*That* may yet save him!"

The yawl was in the act of whirling round the rocks, which form the deep cove, on which the Marina Grande of Sorrento lies. Carlo caught his niece's idea; and kept his tiller hard a-port, telling Raoul and Ithuel at the same time to take in their oars as quickly as possible. The men obeyed, supposing that it was the intention to land, and take to the heights for shelter. But just as they supposed the boat was about to strike against some perpendicular rocks, and Raoul was muttering his surprise that such a spot should be chosen to land at, it glided through a low natural arch, and entered a little basin, as noiselessly as a bubble floating in a current. The next minute the two gigs came whirling round the rocks; one following the shore, close in, to

prevent the fugitives from landing, and the other steering more obliquely athwart the Bay. In another minute more they had passed a hundred yards ahead, and the sound of their movements was lost.

CHAPTER VI.

> And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,
> Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
> Instruct me; for thou know'st.
>
> MILTON.

THE spot in which Carlo Giuntotardi had taken refuge is well known on the Sorrentine shore as the water-cavern, at the ruins of Queen Joan's country-house. Cavern it is not, though the entrance is beneath a low, natural arch; the basin within being open to the heavens, and the place resembling an artificial excavation, made to shelter boats in; profiting by the natural passage to obtain an entrance. Let the origin of this little haven be what it may, art could not have devised a more convenient, or a more perfect refuge than it afforded to our fugitives at a most critical moment. Once through the arch, the boat would have been effectually concealed from her pursuers, under a noon-day sun; nor would any,

who were unacquainted with the peculiarities of the entrance, dream of a boat's lying, as it might be, buried in the rocks of the little promontory. Neither Ghita nor her uncle any longer felt concern; but the former announced her intention to land here, assuring Raoul that she could easily find her way into the bridle-path which leads to St. Agata.

The desperate character of the recent chase, aided by his late almost miraculous escape from death, joined to the necessity of parting from his mistress, rendered our hero melancholy, if not moody. He could not ask Ghita to share his dangers any longer; and yet he felt, if he permitted her now to quit him, that the separation might be for ever. Still he made no objection; but leaving Ithuel in charge of the boat, he assisted Ghita up the funnel-like sides of the basin, and prepared to accompany her on her way to the road. Carlo preceded the pair, telling his niece that she would find him at a cottage on the way, well known to both.

The obscurity was not so great as to render the walking very difficult; and Raoul and Ghita pursued their course slowly along the

rocks, each oppressed with the same sensation of regret at parting, though influenced by nearly opposing views for the future. The girl took the young man's arm without hesitation; and there was a tenderness in the tones of her voice, as well as in her general manner, which betrayed how nearly her heart was interested in what was passing. Still, principle was ever uppermost in her thoughts; and she determined now to speak plainly, and to the purpose.

"Raoul," said she, after listening to some one of those fervent declarations of love that were peculiarly agreeable to one of her affectionate and sincere nature, even when she most felt the necessity of repelling the insinuating suit, "there must be an end of this. I can never again go through the scenes I have lately witnessed, nor allow you to run such fearful risks. The sooner we understand each other, and, I may say, the sooner we part, it will be the wiser, and the better for the interests of both. I blame myself for suffering the intimacy to last so long, and for proceeding so far."

"And this is said by a fervent-souled Ita-

lian girl! One of eighteen years; who comes of a region in which it is the boast that the heart is even warmer than the sun; of a race, among whom it is hard to find *one—oui*, even a poor *one*—who is not ready to sacrifice home, country, hopes, fortune — nay, life itself, to give happiness to the man who has chosen her from all the rest of her sex.

" It *would* seem to *me* easy to do all this, Raoul. *Si*; I think I could sacrifice everything you have named, to make *you* happy! Home I have not, unless the Prince's Towers can thus be called; country, since the sad event of this week, I feel as if I had altogether lost; of hopes, I have few in this world, with which your image has not been connected; but those which were once so precious to me, are now, I fear, lost; you know I have no fortune to tempt me to stay, or you to follow; as for my life, I fear it will soon be very valueless — am sure it will be miserable."

" Then why not decide at once, dearest Ghita, to throw the weight of your sorrows on the shoulders of one strong enough to bear them? You care not for dress, or gay

appearances, and can take a bridegroom even with the miserable aspect of a lazzarone, when you know that the heart is right. You will not despise me because I am not decked as I might be for the bridal. Nothing is easier than to find an altar and a priest among these monasteries; and the hour for saying mass is not very distant. Give me a right to claim you, and I will appoint a place of rendezvous, bring in the lugger to-morrow night, and carry you off in triumph to our gay Provence; where you will find hearts gentle as your own, to welcome you with joy, and call you sister."

Raoul was earnest in his manner, and it was not possible to doubt his sincerity; though an air of self-satisfaction gleamed in his face, when he alluded to his present personal appearance, for he well knew all his advantages in that way, in spite of the dress of a lazzarone.

"Urge me not, dear Raoul," Ghita answered, though unconsciously to herself she pressed closer to his side, and both sadness and love were in the very tones of her voice; "urge me not, dear Raoul; this can never be. I

have already told you the gulf that lies between us;. you *will* not cross it to join *me*, and I *cannot* cross it to join *you*. Nothing but *that* could separate us; but that, to my eyes, grows broader and deeper every hour."

"Ah, Ghita, thou deceivest me and thyself. Were thy feelings as thou fanciest, no human inducement could lead thee to reject me."

"It is not a human inducement, Raoul; it is one above earth, and all it holds."

"*Peste!* These priests are scourges sent to torment men in every shape. They inflict hard lessons in childhood, teach asperity in youth, and make us superstitious and silly in age. I do not wonder that my brave compatriots drove them from France; they did nothing but devour like locusts, and deface the beauties of Providence."

"Raoul, thou art speaking of the ministers of God!" Ghita observed meekly, but in sorrow.

"Pardon me, dearest Ghita; I have no patience when I remember what a trifle, after all, threatens to tear us asunder. Thou pretendest to love me?"

"It is not pretence, Raoul, but a deep, and I fear a painful reality."

"To think that a girl so frank, with a heart so tender and a soul so true, will allow any secondary thing to divide her from the man of her choice!"

"It is not a secondary, but a primary thing, Raoul; oh! that I could make thee think so: The question is between thee and God! were it aught else, thou might'st indeed prevail."

"Why trouble thyself about my religion at all? Are there not thousands of wives who tell their beads and repeat their *aves*, while their husbands think of anything but heaven? Thou and I can overlook this difference; others overlook them, and keep but one heart between them still. I never would molest thee, Ghita, in thy gentle worship."

"It is not thou that I dread, Raoul, but myself," answered the girl, with streaming eyes, though she succeeded in suppressing the sobs which struggled for utterance. "'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' they say; how could a heart that was filled with thee find place for the love it ought to bear the Author of its being. When the husband lives only for the world, it is hard for the wife to think of heaven as she ought."

Raoul was deeply touched with the feeling Ghita betrayed, while he was ready to adore her for the confiding sincerity with which she confessed his power over her heart. His answer was given with seductive tenderness of manner, which proved that he was not altogether unworthy of the strange conflict he had created in so gentle a breast.

"Thy God will never desert *thee*, Ghita," said he; "thou hast nothing to fear as my wife, or that of any other man. None but a brute could ever think of molesting thee in thy worship, or in doing aught which thy opinions render necessary or proper. I would tear the tongue from my mouth before reproach, sneer, or argument should be used to bring thee pain, after I once had felt that thou leanedst on me for support. All that I *have* said has come from the wish that thou wouldst not misunderstand me in a matter I know thou think'st important."

"Ah! Raoul, little dost thou understand the hearts of women. If thy power is so great over me to-day as almost to incline me from the most solemn of all my duties, what would it become when the love of a girl should turn

into the absorbing affection of a wife! I find it hard, even now, to reconcile the love I bear to God with the strong feeling thou hast created in my heart. A year of wedded life would endanger more than I can express to you in words."

"And, then, the fear of losing thy salvation is stronger than thy earthly attachments?"

"Nay, Raoul, it is not *that*. I am not selfish or cowardly as respects myself, I hope; nor do I think at all of any *punishment* that might follow from a marriage with an unbeliever: what I most apprehend is, being taught to love my God less than I feel I now do, or than, as the creature of his mercy, I ought."

"Thou speakest as if man could rival the Being whom thou worshipest. I have always understood, that the love we bear the Deity, and that we bear each other, are of a very different quality. I can see no necessity for their interfering with each other."

"Nothing can be less alike, Raoul; yet one may impair, if not destroy, the other. Oh! if thou wouldst but believe that thy Saviour was thy God, if thou couldst but be dead to his love, and not active against

him, I might hope for better things; but I *dare* not pledge all my earthly duties to one who is openly an enemy of my own great Master and Redeemer."

"I will not, cannot deceive thee, Ghita — *that* I leave to the priests. Thou know'st my opinions, and must take me as I am, or wholly reject me. This I say, though I feel that disappointment, if you persist in your cruelty, will drive me to some desperate act, by means of which I shall yet taste of the mercies of these English."

"Say not so, Raoul; be prudent, for the sake of your country —"

"But not for thine, Ghita?"

"Yes, Raoul, and for mine also. I wish not to conceal how much happier I shall be in hearing of your welfare and peace of mind. I fear, though an enemy, it will ever give me pleasure to learn that thou art victorious. But, here is the road, yonder the cottage where my uncle waits for me, and we must part. Heaven bless thee, Raoul! my prayers will be full of thee. Do not — do not risk more to see me; but if —" The heart of the girl was so full, that emotion choked her.

Raoul listened intently for the next word, but he listened in vain.

"If what, dear Ghita? Thou wert about to utter something that I feel is encouraging."

"Oh! how I hope it may be so, my poor Raoul! I was going to add, if God ever touch thy heart, and thou wouldst stand before his altar a believer, with one at thy side who is ready and anxious to devote all to thee, but her love of the Being who created her, and her treasures of future happiness, seek Ghita; thou wilt find *her* thou wouldst have."

Raoul stretched forth his arms to clasp the tender girl to his bosom; but, fearful of herself, she avoided him, and fled along the path like one terrified with the apprehension of pursuit. The young man paused a moment, half inclined to follow; then prudence regained its influence, and he bethought him of the necessity of getting to a place of safety while it was yet night. The future was still before him, in hope; and that hope led him to look forward to other occasions to press his suit.

Little, however, did Raoul Yvard, much as he prized her, know Ghita Caraccioli. Her

nature was full of womanly sensibilities, it is true, and her heart replete with tenderness for him in particular; but the adoration she paid to God was of that lasting character which endures to the end. In all she said and felt she was truth itself; and, while no false shame interposed to cause her to conceal her attachment, there was a moral armour thrown about her purposes, that rendered them impregnable to the assaults of the world.

Our hero found Ithuel sleeping in the boat, in perfect security. The Granite-man thoroughly understood his situation, and, foreseeing a long row before him, he had quietly lain down in the stern-sheet of the yawl, and was taking his rest, as tranquilly as he had ever done in his berth on board Le Feu-Follet. He was even aroused with difficulty, and resumed the oar with reluctance. Before descending the funnel, Raoul had taken a survey of the water from the rocks above. He listened intently to catch any sounds that might arise from the English boats; but nothing was visible in the obscurity, while distance or caution prevented anything from being audible. Satisfied that all was safe out-

side, he determined to row out into the bay, and, making a circuit to avoid his enemies, push to the westward, in the expectation of finding his lugger in the offing. As there was now a considerable land-breeze, and the yawl was lightened of so much of her freight, there was little doubt of his being able to effect his purpose, so far, at least, as getting out of sight was concerned, long ere the return of light.

"*Pardie*, Etooelle!" Raoul exclaimed, after he had given the American jog the third, "you sleep like a friar who is paid for saying masses at midnight. Come, ami; now is our time to move, for all is clear outside."

"Well, Natur', they say, is a good workman, Captain Rule," answered Ithuel, gaping and rubbing his eyes; "and never did she turn off a prettier hiding-place than this. One sleeps so quietly in it! Heigho! I suppose the ash must be kept moving, or we may yet miss our passage back to France. Shove her bows round, Captain Rule; here is the hole, which is almost as hard to find as it is to thread a needle with a cable. A good shove, and she will shoot out into the open water."

Raoul did as desired. Ithuel touching the tiller, the yawl glided through the opening, and felt the long ground-swell of the glorious bay. The two adventurers looked about them with some concern as they issued from their hiding-place, but the obscurity was too deep to bring anything in view on the face of the waters. The flashing which occasionally illumined the summit of Vesuvius resembled heat lightning, and would have plainly indicated the position of that celebrated mountain, had not its dark outlines been visible, exposing a black mass at the head of the bay. The ragged mountain-tops behind and above Castel a Mare were also to be traced, as was the whole range of the nearer coast; though that opposite was only discoverable by the faint glimmerings of a thousand lights, that were appearing and disappearing, like stars eclipsed, on the other side of the broad sheet of placid water. On the bay itself little could be discerned; under the near coast nothing, the shadows of the rocks obscuring its borders with a wide belt of darkness.

After looking around them quite a minute in silence, the men dropped their oars, and

began to pull from under the point, with the intention of making an offing before they set their little luggs. As they came out, the heavy flap of canvass quite near startled their ears, and both turned instinctively to look ahead. There indeed was a vessel standing directly in, threatening even to cross their very track. She was close on a wind, with her larboard tacks aboard, and had evidently just shaken everything in the expectation of luffing past the point without tacking. Could she succeed in this, it would be in her power to stand on until compelled to go about beneath the very cliffs of the town of Sorrento. This was in truth her aim, for again she shook all her sails.

"Peste!" muttered Raoul, "this is a bold pilot: he loves the rocks as if they were his mistress. We must lie quiet, Etooelle, and let him pass; else he may trouble us."

"'Twill be the wisest, Captain Rule; though I do not think him an Englishman. Hark! the ripple under his bow is like that of a knife going through a ripe water-melon."

"Mon Feu-Follet!" exclaimed Raoul, rising and actually extending his arms, as if to

embrace the beloved craft. "Etooelle, they seek us, for we are much behind our time."

The stranger drew near fast: when his outlines became visible, there was no mistaking them. The two enormous luggs, the little jigger, the hull, almost awash, and the whole of the fairy form came mistily into view, as the swift bird assumes colour and proportion while it advances out of the depth of the void. The vessel was but a hundred yards distant; in another minute she would be past.

"*Vive la République!*" said Raoul distinctly, though he feared to trust his voice with a loud hail.

Again the canvass flapped, and the trampling of feet was heard on the lugger's deck: then she came sweeping into the wind within fifty feet of the yawl. Raoul watched the movement, and, by the time her way was nearly lost, he was alongside and had caught a rope. At the next instant he was on board her.

Raoul trod the deck of his lugger again with the pride of a monarch as he ascends his throne. Certain of her sailing qualities, and confident of his own skill, this gallant seaman was perfectly indifferent to the circumstance

that he was environed by powerful enemies. The wind and the hour were propitious, and no sensation of alarm disturbed the exultation of that happy moment. The explanations that passed between him and his first-lieutenant, Pintard, were brief, but distinct. Le Feu-Follet had kept off the land with her sails lowered,—a trim in which a vessel of her rig and lowness in the water would not be visible more than five or six miles,—until sufficient time had elapsed, when she was taken into the Gulf of Salerno to look for signals from the heights of St. Agata. Finding none, she went to sea again, as has been stated, sweeping along the coast in the hope of falling in with intelligence. Although she could not be seen by her enemies, she saw the three cruisers which were on the look-out, and great uneasiness prevailed on board concerning the fate of the absentees. On the afternoon of that day the lugger was carried close in with the north-west side of Ischia, which island she rounded at dusk, seemingly intending to anchor at Baiæ, a harbour seldom without allied cruisers. As the wind came off the land, however, she kept away; and, passing between Procida and

Mysenum, she came out into the bay of Naples about three hours before meeting with Raoul, with the intention of examining the whole of the opposite coast in search of the yawl. She had seen the light at the gaff of the Proserpine, and at first supposed that it might be a signal from the missing boat. With a view to make sure of it, the lugger had been kept away until the night-glasses announced a ship; when she was hauled up on a wind, and had made two or three successive half-boards, to weather the point where her captain lay concealed, the Marina Grande of Sorrento being one of the places of rendezvous mentioned by our hero in his last instructions.

There was a scene of lively congratulation, and of even pleasing emotion, on the deck of the lugger, when Raoul so unexpectedly appeared. He had every quality to make himself beloved by his men. Brave, adventurous, active, generous, and kind-hearted, his qualities rendered him a favourite to a degree that was not common even among the people of that chivalrous nation. The French mariner will bear familiarity better than his great rival and neighbour, the Englishman;

and it was natural with our hero to be frank and free with all, whether above him or below him in condition. The temperaments to be brought into subjection were not so rude and intractable as those of the Anglo-Saxon; and the off-hand, dashing character of Raoul was admirably adapted to win both the admiration and the affections of his people. They now thronged about him without hesitation or reserve, each man anxious to make his good wishes known, his felicitations heard.

"I have kept you playing about the fire, *camarades*," said Raoul, affected by the proofs of attachment he received; "but we will now take our revenge. There are English boats in chase of me at this moment under the land; we will try to pick up one or two of them, by way of letting them know there is still such a vessel as Le Feu-Follet."

An exclamation of pleasure followed: then an old quarter-master, who had actually taught his commander his first lessons in seamanship, shoved through the crowd, and put his questions with a sort of authority."

"*Mon capitaine*," said he, "have you been near these English?"

"Ay, Benoit; somewhat nearer than I could wish. To own the truth, the reason you have not sooner seen me was, that I was passing my time on board our old friend, La Proserpine. Her officers and crew would not lose my company, when they had once begun to enjoy it."

"*Peste!* — *mon cher capitaine* — were you a prisoner?"

"Something of that sort, Benoit. At least, they had me on a grating, with a rope round the neck, and were about to make me swing off as a spy, when a happy gun or two from Nelson, up above there at the town, ordered them to let me go below. As I had no taste for such amusements, and wanted to see mon cher Feu-Follet, Etooelle and I got into the yawl, and left them; intending to return and be hanged, when we can find nothing better to do."

This account required an explanation, which Raoul gave in a very few words; and then the crew were directed to go to their stations, in order that the lugger might be properly worked. The next minute the sails were filled, on the larboard-tack, as before, and Le Feu-Follet again drew ahead, standing in for the cliffs.

"There is a light in motion near Capri, mon capitaine," observed the first-lieutenant; "I suppose it to be on board some enemy. They are plenty as gulls about this bay."

"You are very right, monsieur. 'Tis La Proserpine; she shows the light for her boats. She is too far to leeward to meddle with us, however; and we are pretty certain there is nothing between her and the ships off the town that can do us any harm. Are all our lights concealed? Let them be well looked to, monsieur."

"All safe, mon capitaine. Le Feu-Follet never shows her lantern until she wishes to lead an enemy into the mire!"

"Raoul laughed, and pronounced the word "*Bon!*" in the emphatic manner peculiar to a Frenchman. Then, as the lugger was drawing swiftly in towards the rocks, he went on the forecastle himself, to keep a proper look-out ahead; Ithuel, as usual, standing at his side.

The piano, or plain, of Sorrento terminates, on the side of the bay, in perpendicular cliffs of tufa, varying from one to nearly two hundred feet in height. Those near the town are among the highest, and are lined with villas,

convents, and other dwellings, of which the foundations are frequently placed upon shelves of rock fifty feet below the adjacent streets. Raoul had been often here during the short reign of the Rufo faction, and was familiar with most of the coast. He knew that his little lugger might brush against the very rocks in most places; and was satisfied, that, if he fell in with the Proserpine's boats at all, it must be quite near the land. As the night-wind blew directly down the bay, sighing across the campagna between Vesuvius and Castel a Mare, it became necessary to tack off-shore as soon as Le Feu-Follet got close to the cliffs, where the obscurity was greatest, and her proportions and rig were not discernible at any distance. While in the very act of going round, and before the head-sheets were drawn, Raoul was startled by a sudden hail.

"Felucca, ahoy!" cried one in English from a boat close on the lugger's bow.

"Halloo!" answered Ithuel, raising an arm for all near him to be quiet.

"What craft's that?" resumed he in the boat.

"A felucca, sent down by the admiral to

look for the Proserpine: not finding her at Capri, we are turning up to the anchorage of the fleet again."

"Hold on a moment, sir, if you please; I 'll come on board you. Perhaps I can help you out of your difficulty, for I happen to know something of that ship."

"Ay, ay; bear a hand, if you please, for we want to make the most of this wind while it stands."

It is singular how easily we are deceived when the mind commences by taking a wrong direction. Such was now the fact with him in the boat, for he had imbibed the notion that he could trace the outlines of a felucca, of which so many navigate those waters, and the idea that it was the very lugger he had been seeking never crossed his mind. Acting under the delusion, he was soon alongside, and on the deck of his enemy.

"Do you know this gentleman, Etooelle?" demanded Raoul, who had gone to the gangway to receive his visitor.

"It is Mr. Clinch, the master's-mate of the accursed Proserpine, — he who spoke us in the yawl off the point yonder."

"How!" exclaimed Clinch, his alarm being

sufficiently apparent in his voice, — "have I fallen into the hands of Frenchmen?"

"You have, monsieur," answered Raoul courteously, "but not into the hands of enemies. This is Le Feu-Follet, and I am Raoul Yvard."

"Then all hope for Jane is gone for ever! I have passed a happy day, though a busy one; for I did begin to think there was some chance for me. A man cannot see Nelson without pulling up, and wishing to be something like him; but a prison is no place for promotion."

"Let us go into my cabin, monsieur; there we can converse more at our ease, and we shall have a light."

Clinch was in despair; it mattered not to him whither he was taken. In the cabin he sat, the picture of a helpless man; and, a bottle of brandy happening to stand on the table, he eyed it with something like the ferocity with which the hungry wolf may be supposed to gaze at the lamb before he leaps the fold.

"Is this the gentleman you mean, Etooelle?" demanded Raoul, when the cabin lamp shone on the prisoner's face, — "he who was so much rejoiced to hear that his enemy was *not* hanged?"

"'Tis the same, Captain Rule: in the main he is a good-natured officer, — one that does more harm to himself than to any one else. They said in the ship that he went up to Naples to do you some good turn or other."

"*Bon!* You have been long in your boat, Mr. Clinch: we will give you a warm supper and a glass of wine, after which you are at liberty to seek your frigate, and to return to your own flag."

Clinch stared, as if he did not or could not believe what he heard; then the truth flashed on his mind, and he burst into tears. Throughout that day his feelings had been in extremes, hope once more opening a long vista of happiness for the future, through the renewed confidence and advice of his captain. Thus far he had done well, and it was by striving to do still better that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. For a single moment, the beautiful fabric which revived hopes had been industriously weaving throughout the day was torn into tatters; the kindness of Raoul's manner, however, his words, and the explanations of Ithuel, removed a mountain from his breast, and he became quite unmanned. There is none so debased as not to retain glimmerings

of the bright spirit that is associated with the grosser particles of their material nature. Clinch had in him the living consciousness that he was capable of better things; and he endured moments of deep anguish as the image of the patient, self-devoting, and constant Jane rose before his mind's eye to reproach him with his weaknesses.

It is true that she never made these reproaches in terms; so far from that, she would not even believe the slanders of those she mistook for his enemies: but Clinch could not always quiet the spirit within him, and he often felt degraded as he remembered with how much more firmness Jane supported the load of hope deferred than he did himself. The recent interview with Cuffe had aroused all that was left of ambition and self-respect, and he had left the ship that morning with a full and manly determination to reform, and to make one continued and persevering effort to obtain a commission, and with it Jane. Then followed capture, and the moment of deep despair: but Raoul's generosity removed the load, and again the prospect brightened.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sight of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.

WILSON.

RAOUL soon decided on his course. While he was consoling Clinch, orders had been sent to Pintard to look for the other gig: but a few minutes' search under the cliffs satisfied those on deck that she was not to be found, and the fact was so reported below; nor could all Ithuel's ingenuity extract from the captured boat's crew any available information on the subject. There was an *esprit de corps* among the Proserpines, as between their own ship and Le Feu-Follet, which would have withstood, on an occasion like this, both threats and bribes, and he of the Granite State was compelled to give the matter up as hopeless; though in so

doing he did not fail to ascribe the refusal to betray their shipmates, on the part of these men, to English obstinacy rather than to any creditable feeling. The disposition to impute the wörst to those he hated, however, was not peculiar to Ithuel or his country; it being pretty certain he would have fared no better on board the English frigate under circumstances at all analogous.

Satisfied at length that the other boat had escaped him, and feeling the necessity of getting out of the bay while it was still dark, Raoul reluctantly gave the order to bear up, and put the lugger dead before the wind, wing-and-wing. By the time this was done, the light craft had turned so far to windward as to be under the noble rocks that separate the piano of Sorrento from the shores of Vico; a bold promontory that buttresses the sea, with a wall of nearly or quite a thousand feet in perpendicular height. Here she felt the full force of the land-wind; and when her helm was put up, and her sheets eased off, a bird turning on the wing would not have come round more gracefully, and scarcely with greater velocity. The course now lay from point to point, in

order to avoid being becalmed within the indentations of the coast. This carried the lugger athwart the cove of Sorrento rather than into it, and of course left Yelverton, who had landed at the smaller marina, quite out of the line of her course.

So swift was the progress of the little craft, that, within fifteen minutes after bearing up, Raoul and Ithuel, who again occupied their stations on the forecastle, saw the head-land where they had so lately been concealed, and ordered the helm a-port, in order to sheer out and give it a berth. Then rock was passed after rock, cove after cove, and village after village, until the entrance between Capri and Campanella was again reached. In sweeping down the shore in this manner, the intention was to pick up any boat that might happen to be in the lugger's track; for, while Raoul was disposed to let his prisoner go, he had a strong desire to seize any other officers of the frigate who might fall in his way. The search was ineffectual, however; and, when the lugger came out into the open sea, all expectation of further success of this nature was reluctantly abandoned.

As Le Feu-Follet was now in dangerous proximity to three cruisers of the enemy, the moment was one which called for decision. Fortunately the positions of the English vessels were known to Raoul,—a circumstance that lessened the danger, certainly; but it would not do to continue long within a league of their anchorage, with the risk of the land-breezes failing. As yet the darkness and the shadows of the land concealed the privateer; and her commander determined, if not literally to make hay while the sun shone, at least to profit by its absence. With this view, then, he ordered the lugger hove-to, the boat of Clinch hauled to the lee gangway, and the prisoners to be all brought on deck; the common men in the waist, and the master's-mate aft.

"Here I must lose the pleasure of your company, Monsieur Clinch," said Raoul, with a courtesy that may almost be termed national. "We are quite as near *votre belle Proserpine* as is safe, and I long for *notre belle France.* The wind is fair to take us off the coast, and two hours will carry us out of sight, even were it noon-day. You will have the complaisance

to make my duty to Monsieur Cuffe — oui *pardie!* and to *ces braves Italiens*, who are so much ze amis of Sir Smees! *Touchez-la.*"

Raoul laughed, for his heart was light, and sundry droll conceits danced through his brain. As for Clinch, the whole was Greek to him, with the exception that he understood it was the intention of the French to take their vessel off the coast; a circumstance that he was not sorry to learn, though he would have given so much, a few hours earlier, to have known where to find her. Raoul's generosity had worked a revolution in his feelings, however; and nothing was farther from his wishes, now, than to be employed against the celebrated privateersman. Still, he had a duty to perform to the service of which he was a member, another to Jane, and a last to himself.

"Captain Yvard," said the master's-mate, taking the other's offered hand, "I shall never forget this kindness on your part; it comes at a most fortunate moment for me. My happiness in this world, and perhaps in the world to come,"—an ejaculation of "Bah!" involuntarily escaped the listener — "depended on

my being at liberty. I hold it to be fair, however, to tell you the whole truth. I must do all I can to capture or destroy this very lugger, as well as any other of the king's enemies, as soon as I am my own master again."

"*Bon!* — I like your frankness, Monsieur Clinch, as much as I like your humanity. I always look for a brave enemy when *un Anglais* comes against me; if you are ever in the number, I shall expect nothing worse."

"It will be my duty, Captain Yvard, to report to Captain Cuffe where I found the Folly, where I left her, and where I think she is steering! Even your armament, crew, and all such little particulars, I shall be questioned on. I must answer honestly."

"*Mon cher*, you are 'honest fellow,' as you Anglais say. I wish it was noon-day, that you might better see our deck: Le Feu-Follet is not so ugly, that she should wish to wear a veil. Tell everything, Clinch, mon brave; if Monsieur Cuffe wish to send another party against our lugger, come in the first boat *en personne*. We shall always be happy to see Monsieur Clinch. As for where we

steer, you see our head is toward la belle France; and there is plenty of room for a long chase. *Adieu, mon ami—au revoir!*"

Clinch now shook hands heartily with all the officers; again expressed his sense of the liberality with which he was treated, and this, too, with emotion; he then followed his people into the boat, and pulled away from the lugger's side, holding his course toward the light which was still burning on board the Proserpine. At the same time Le Feu-Follet filled, and soon disappeared from his eyes in the darkness, running off, wing-and-wing, and steering west, as if really making the best of her way towards the Straits of Bonifacio, on her road to France.

But, in fact, Raoul had no such intention. His cruise was not up; and his present position, surrounded as he was with enemies, was full of attraction to one of his temperament. Only the day before he appeared in the disguise of a lazzarone, he had captured, manned, and sent to Marseilles a valuable store-ship; and he knew that another was hourly expected in the bay. This was an excuse to his people for remaining where they

were. But the excitement of constantly running the gauntlet, the pleasure of demonstrating the superior sailing of his lugger, the opportunities for distinction, and every other professional motive, were trifling, as compared with the tie which bound him to the feeling that unceasingly attracted him towards Ghita. With his love also there began to mingle a sensation approaching to despair. While Ghita was so gentle, and even tender with him, he had ever found her consistent, and singularly firm in her principles. In their recent dialogues, — some that we have forborne to relate on account of their peculiar character,—Ghita had expressed her reluctance to trust her fate with one whose God was not her God, with a distinctness and force which left no doubt of the seriousness of her views, or of her ability to sustain them in acts. What rendered her resolution more impressive, was the ingenuous manner with which she never hesitated to admit Raoul's power over her affections, leaving no pretext for the common-place supposition that the girl was acting. The conversation of that night weighed heavily on the heart of the lover, and he

could not summon sufficient resolution to part —perhaps for months—with such an apparent breach between him and his hopes.

As soon as it was known, therefore, that the lugger was far enough at sea to be out of sight from the boat of Clinch, she came by the wind on the larboard tack again, heading up towards the celebrated ruins of Pæstum, on the eastern shore of the Bay of Salerno. To one accustomed to the sea, there would not have seemed sufficient wind to urge even that light craft along at the rate with which she glided through the water: but the land-breeze was charged with the damps of midnight; the canvass was thickened from the same cause; and the propelling power had nearly double its apparent force. In an hour after hauling up, Le Feu-Follet tacked, full eight miles distant from the spot where she altered her direction, and far enough to windward to lay her course in directly for the cliffs beneath the village of St. Agata, or the present residence of Ghita. In proceeding thus, Raoul had a double intention before him. English ships were constantly passing between Sicily, Malta, and Naples; and, as those bound

north would naturally draw in with the land at this point, his position might enable him to strike a sudden blow with the return of day, should any suitable vessel be in the offing next morning. Then he hoped for a signal from Ghita at least, and such things were very dear to his heart; or possibly anxiety and affection might bring her down to the water-side, when another interview would be possible. This was the weakness of passion, and Raoul submitted to its power, like feebler-minded and less resolute men; the hero becoming little better than the vulgar herd under its influence.

The two or three last days and nights had been hours of extreme anxiety and care to the officers and crew of the lugger, as well as to their commander, and all on board began to feel the necessity for sleep. As for Ithuel, he had been in his hammock an hour, and Raoul now thought seriously of following his example. Giving his instructions therefore to the young lieutenant who was in charge of the deck, our hero went below, and in a few minutes he was also lost to present hopes and fears.

Everything seemed propitious to the lugger, and the intentions of her commander. The wind went down gradually, until there was little more than air enough to keep steerage-way on the vessel; while the ripple on the water disappeared, leaving nothing behind it but the long, heavy, ground-swell, that always stirs the bosom of the ocean, like the heaving respiration of some gigantic animal. The morning grew darker, but the surface of the gulf was glassy and tranquil, leaving no immediate motive for watchfulness or care.

These are the lethargic moments of a seaman's life. Days of toil bring nights of drowsiness, and the repose of Nature presents a constant temptation to imitate her example. The reaction of excitement destroys the disposition to indulge in the song, the jest, or the tale; and the mind, like the body, is disposed to rest from its labours. Even the murmuring wash of the water, as it rises and falls against the vessel's sides, sounds like a lullaby, and sleep seems to be the one great blessing of existence. Under such circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that the watch on the deck of the lugger indulged this

necessary want. It is permitted to the common men to doze at such moments, while a few are on the alert; but even duty, in the absence of necessity, feels its task to be irksome and difficult of performance. Look-out after look-out lowered his head; the young man who was seated on the arm-chest aft began to lose his consciousness of present things, in dreamy recollections of Provence, his home, and the girl of his youthful admiration. The seaman at the helm alone kept his eyes open, and all his faculties on the alert. This is a station in which vigilance is ever required; and it sometimes happens, in vessels where the rigid discipline of a regular service does not exist, that others rely so much on the circumstance, that they forget their own duties in depending on the due discharge of his by the man at the wheel.

Such, to a certain degree, was now the fact on board Le Feu-Follet. One of the best seamen in the lugger was at the helm; and each individual felt satisfied that no shift of wind could occur, no change of sails become necessary, that Antoine would not be there to admonish them of the circumstance. One

day was so much like another, too, in that tranquil season of the year, and in that luxurious sea, that all on board knew the regular mutations which the hours produced: the southerly air in the morning, the zephyr in the afternoon, and the land-wind at night, were as much matters of course as the rising and setting of the sun. No one felt apprehension, while all submitted to the influence of a want of rest, and of the drowsiness of the climate.

Not so with Antoine. His hairs were grey; sleep was no longer so necessary to him. He had much pride of calling, too; was long experienced, and possessed senses sharpened and rendered critical by practice and many dangers. Again and again did he turn his eyes towards Campanella, to ascertain if any signs of the enemy were in sight; the obscurity prevented anything from being visible but the dark outline of the high and rock-bound coast. Then he glanced his eyes over the deck, and felt how completely everything depended on his own vigilance and faithfulness. The look at the sails and to windward brought no cause for uneasiness, however; and, presum-

ing on his isolation, he began to sing in suppressed tones an air of the Troubadours, one which he had learned in childhood in his native *langue du Midi.* Thus passed the minutes, until Antoine saw the first glimmerings of morning peeping out of the darkness, that came above the mountain-tops which lay in the vicinity of Eboli. Antoine felt solitary; he was not sorry to greet these symptoms of a return to the animation and communion of a new day.

"Hist! *mon lieutenant!*" whispered the old mariner, unwilling to expose the drowsiness of his young superior to the gaze of the common men; "*mon lieutenant*—'tis I, Antoine."

"Eh! — *bah!—Oh! Antoine, est-ce-que toi? Bon!*—what would you have, *mon ami?*"

"I hear the surf, I think, *mon lieutenant.* Listen!—is not that the water striking on the rocks of the shore?"

"*Jamais!* You see the land is a mile from us; this coast has no shoals. The captain told us to stand close in, before we hove-to, or called him. *Pardie!*—Antoine, how the little witch has travelled in my watch! Here we are,

within a musket's range from the heights, yet there has been no wind."

"*Pardon, mon lieutenant!* — I do not like that sound of the surf; it is too near for the shore. Will you have the kindness to step on the forecastle and look ahead, monsieur? the light is beginning to be of use."

The young man yawned, stretched his arms, and walked forward; the first to indulge himself, the first, also, to relieve the uneasiness of an old shipmate, whose experience he respected. Still his step was not so quick as common; and it was near a minute before he reached the bows, or before he gained the knight-heads. But his form was no sooner visible there than he waved his arms frantically, and shouted in a voice that reached the recesses of the vessel,

"Hard up, — hard up with the helm, Antoine! ease off the sheets, *mes enfans!*"

Le Feu-Follet rose on a heavy ground-swell at that moment; in the next she settled down with a shock resembling that which we experience when we leap and alight sooner than we expected. There she lay, cradled in a bed of rocks, as immoveable as one of the stones

around her, — stones that had mocked the billows of the Mediterranean, within the known annals of man, more than three thousand years. In a word, the lugger had struck on one of those celebrated islets under the heights of St. Agata, known as the Islands of the Sirens, and which are believed to have been commemorated by the oldest of all the living profane writers, Homer himself. The blow was hardly given before Raoul appeared on deck. The vessel gave up all that had life in her; and she was at once a scene of alarm, activity, and exertion.

It is at such a moment as this that the most useful qualities of a naval captain render themselves apparent. Of all around him Raoul was the calmest, the most collected, and the best qualified to issue the orders which had become necessary. He made no exclamations, — uttered not a word of reproach, — cast not even a glance of disapprobation on any near him. The mischief was done; the one thing needful was to repair it, if possible, leaving to the future the cares of discipline, and the distribution of rewards and punishments.

"She is as fast anchored as a cathedral,

mon lieutenant," he quietly observed to the very officer through whose remissness the accident had occurred. "I see no use in these sails: take them in at once; they may set her further on the rocks, should she happen to lift."

The young man obeyed, every nerve in his body agitated by the sense of delinquency: then he walked aft, cast one look around him at the desperate condition of the lugger, and with the impetuosity of character which belongs to his country he plunged into the sea, from which his body never re-appeared. The melancholy suicide was immediately reported to Raoul:—

"*Bon!*" was the answer. "Had he done it an hour earlier, Le Feu-Follet would not have been set up on these rocks like a vessel in a ship-yard. *Mais, mes enfans, courage!* We'll yet see if our beautiful lugger cannot be saved."

If there were stoicism and bitterness in this answer, there was not deliberate cruelty. Raoul loved his lugger, — next to Ghita, before all things on earth; and, in his eyes, the fault of wrecking her in a calm was to be classed

among the unpardonable sins. Still, it was by no means a rare occurrence. Ships, like men, are often cast away by an excess of confidence; and the American coast, one of the safest in the known world for the prudent mariner to approach, on account of the regularity of its soundings, has many a tale to tell of disasters similar to this, which have occurred simply because no signs of danger were apparent. Our hero would not have excused himself for such negligence; and that, which self-love will not induce us to pardon, will hardly be conceded to philanthropy.

The pumps were sounded, and it was ascertained that the lugger had come down so easily into her bed, and lay there with so little straining of her seams, that she continued tight as a bottle. This left all the hope which circumstances would allow of still saving the vessel. Raoul neglected no useful precaution. By this time the light was strong enough to enable him to see a felucca coming slowly down from Salerno before the wind, or all that was still left of the night-air; and he despatched Ithuel with an armed boat to seize her, and bring her alongside of the rocks. He took

this course with the double purpose of using the prize, if practicable, in getting his own vessel off; or, in the last resort, of making his own escape, and that of his people, in her to France. He did not condescend to explain his motives, however, nor did any one presume to inquire into them. Raoul was now strictly a commander acting in a desperate emergency. He even succeeded in suppressing the constitutional volubility of his countrymen, and in substituting for it the deep attentive silence of thorough discipline, one of the great causes of his own unusual success in maritime enterprises. To the want of this very silence and attention may be ascribed so many of those naval disasters which have undeniably befallen a people of singular enterprise and courage. Those who wish them well will be glad to learn that the evil has been in a great measure repaired.

As soon as the boat was sent to seize the felucca, the yawl was put into the water, and Raoul himself began to sound around the lugger. The rocks of the Sirens, as the islets are called to this day, are sufficiently elevated above the surface of the sea to be visible at

some distance; though, lying in a line with the coast, it would not have been easy for the look-outs of Le Feu-Follet to discern them at the hour when she struck, even had they been on the alert. The increasing light, however, enabled the French fully to ascertain their position, and to learn the extent of the evil. The lugger had been lifted into a crevice between two of the rocks by a ground-swell heavier than common; and, though there was deep water all round her, it would be impossible to get her afloat again without lightening. So long as the wind did not blow and the sea did not rise, she was safe enough; but a swell that should force the hull to rise and fall would inevitably cause her to bilge. These facts were learned in five minutes after the yawl was in the water, and much did Raoul rejoice at having so promptly sent Ithuel in quest of the felucca. The rocks were next reconnoitred, in order to ascertain what facilities they offered to favour the discharging of the vessel's stores. Some of them were high enough to protect articles from the wash of the water; but it is at all times difficult to lie alongside of rocks that are exposed to the open

sea, the heaving and setting of the element even in calms causing the elevation of its surface so much to vary. On the present occasion, however, the French found less swell than common, and that it was possible to get their stores ashore at two or three different points.

Raoul now directed the work to commence in earnest. The lugger carried four boats; viz. a launch, a cutter, the yawl, and a jolly-boat. The second had been sent after the felucca, with a strong crew in her; but the three others were employed in discharging stores. Raoul perceived at once that the moment was not one for half measures, and that large sacrifices must be made to save the hull of the vessel. This, and the safety of his crew, were the two great objects he kept before him. All his measures were directed to that end. The water was started in the lugger's hold by staving the casks, and the pumps were set in motion as soon as possible. Provisions of all sorts were cast into the sea; for Le Feu-Follet had recently supplied herself from a prize, and was a little deeper than her best trim allowed. In short, everything

that could be spared was thrown overboard, barely a sufficiency of food and water being retained to last the people until they could reach Corsica, whither it was their captain's intention to proceed the moment he got his vessel afloat.

The Mediterranean has no regular tides, though the water rises and falls materially at irregular intervals, either the effect of gales or of the influence of the adjacent seas. This circumstance prevented the calamity of having gone ashore at high-water, while it also prevented the mariners from profiting by any flood. It left them as they had been placed by the accident itself, mainly dependent on their own exertions.

Under such circumstances, then, our hero set about the discharge of his responsible duties. An hour of active toil well directed and perseveringly continued wrought a material change. The vessel was small, while the number of hands was relatively large. At the end of the time mentioned, the officer charged with the duty reported that the hull moved under the power of the heaving sea, and that it might soon be expected to strike with a

force to endanger its planks and ribs. This was the sign to cease discharging, and to complete the preparations that had been making for heaving the lugger off; it being unsafe to delay that process after the weight was sufficiently lessened to allow it. The launch had carried out an anchor, and was already returning towards the rocks, paying out cable as it came in; but the depth of the water rendered this an anxious service, since there was the danger of dragging the ground-tackle home, as it is termed, on account of the angle at which it lay.

At this moment, with the exception of the difficulty last named, everything seemed propitious. The wind had gone down entirely, the southerly air having lasted but a short time, and no other succeeding it. The sea was certainly not more disturbed than it had been all the morning, which was at its minimum of motion, while the day promised to be calm and clear. Nothing was in sight but the felucca, and she was not only in Ithuel's possession, but she had drawn within half a mile of the rocks, and was sweeping still nearer at each instant. In ten minutes she must come

alongside. Raoul had ascertained that there was water enough, where Le Feu-Follet lay, to permit a vessel like his prize to touch her; and many things lay on deck, in readiness to be transferred to this tender previously to beginning to heave. The rocks, too, were well garnished with casks, cordage, shot, ballast, and such other articles as could be come at — the armament and ammunition excepted. These last our hero always treated with religious care; for, in all he did, there was a latent determination resolutely to defend himself. But there were no signs of any such necessity being likely to occur; and the officers began to flatter themselves with their ability to get their lugger afloat, and in sailing trim, before the usual afternoon's breeze should set in. In waiting, therefore, for the arrival of the felucca, and in order that the work might meet with no interruption when the men once began to heave, the people were ordered to get their breakfasts.

This pause in the proceedings gave Raoul an opportunity to look about him, and to reflect. Twenty times did he turn his eyes anxiously towards the heights of St. Agata,

where there existed subjects equally of attraction and apprehension. It is scarcely necessary to say that the first was Ghita; while the last arose from the fear that some curious eye might recognise the lugger, and report her condition to the enemies known to be lying at Capri, only a league or two on the other side of the hills. But all was seemingly tranquil there at that early hour; and, the lugger making very little show when her canvass was not spread, there was reason to hope that the accident was as yet unseen. The approach of the felucca would probably betray it, though the precaution had been taken to order Ithuel to show no signs of national character.

Raoul Yvard was a very different man at this moment of leisure and idleness, from what he had been a few hours earlier. Then he trod the deck of his little cruiser with some such feelings as the man who exults in his strength, and rejoices in his youth. Now he felt as all are apt to feel who are rebuked by misfortunes and disease. Nevertheless, his character had lost none of its high chivalry; and even there, as he sat on the taffrail of the stranded Feu-Follet, he meditated carrying

some stout Englishman by surprise and boarding, in the event of his not succeeding in getting off the lugger. The felucca would greatly aid such an enterprise; and his crew was strong enough, as well as sufficiently trained, to promise success.

On such an expedient even was he ruminating, as Ithuel, in obedience to an order given through the trumpet, brought his prize alongside, and secured her to the lugger. The men who had accompanied the American were now dismissed to their morning's meal, while Raoul invited their leader to share his frugal repast where he sat. As the two broke their fasts, questions were put and answered, concerning what had occurred during the hour or two the parties had been separated. Raoul's tale was soon told; but the other learned with concern, that the crew of the felucca had taken to their boat, and escaped to the landing of the Scaricatojo, on finding that the capture of their vessel was inevitable. This proved that the character of the wreck was known, and left but little hope that their situation would not be reported to the English in the course of the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

But now lead on ;
In me is no delay : with thee to go,
Is to stay here ; with thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling : thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou.
MILTON.

THE intelligence communicated by Ithuel essentially altered Raoul's views of his actual situation. An active man might go from the marinella at the foot of the Scaricatojo, or the place where the crew of the felucca had landed, to the Marina Grande of Sorrento in an hour. At the latter beach boats were always to be found; and two hours more would carry the messenger, by water, to the ships off Capri, even in a calm. The first of these important hours had now elapsed some time; and he could not doubt that vigorous arms were already employed in pulling across the few leagues of water that separated the island from

the shores of Sorrento. The day was calm, it is true, and it would be impossible to move the ships; but two frigates and a heavy sloop-of-war might send such a force against him in boats, as, in his present situation, would render resistance next to hopeless.

Raoul ceased eating, and, standing on the taffrail, he cast anxious looks around him. His sturdy followers, ignorant of all the dangers by which they were environed, were consuming their morning's meal with the characteristic indifference to danger that marks the ordinary conduct of seamen. Even Ithuel, usually so sensitive on the subject of English power, and who had really so much to apprehend, should he again fall into the hands of the Proserpines, was masticating his food with the keen relish of a man who had been hard at work the whole morning. All appeared unconscious of their critical condition; and to Raoul it seemed as if the entire responsibility rested on his own shoulders. Fortunately, he was not a man to shrink from his present duties; and he occupied the only leisure moment that would be likely to offer that day, in deliberating on his resources and in maturing his plans.

The armament still remained in the lugger, but it was doubtful if she would float without removing it; and, admitting this necessity, the question arose of what was to be done with it, in order to render it available in the event of an attack. Two, or even four of the light guns might be worked on the decks of the felucca; and here he determined they should be immediately placed, with a proper supply of cartridges and shot. Twenty men thrown into that light craft, which Ithuel reported as sailing and sweeping well, might prove of the last importance. Then, one of the islets had a ruin on it, of what was believed to be an ancient temple. It is true these ruins were insignificant, and scarcely visible at any distance; but, on a close examination, and by using some of the displaced stones with judgment, it was possible to entrench a party behind them, and make a stout resistance against light missiles, or such as boats would most probably use. Raoul got into the yawl, and sculled himself to this spot, examining the capabilities with care and judgment. After this, his mode of proceeding was matured to his own satisfaction.

The usual time had been consumed, and the

hands were "turned to;" each officer receiving the orders necessary for the discharge of the duty confided to his particular superintendence. As Ithuel had captured the felucca, Raoul felt it right to intrust him with the command of the prize. He was directed to take on board the armament and ammunition necessary for a defence, to mount the guns in the best manner he could, and to make all the other fighting preparations; while another gang struck into the felucca's hold such articles from the lugger as it was desirable to save.

Another party, under the first-lieutenant, landed the remainder of the light carronades, pieces of twelve pounds only, with the proper stores, and commenced the arrangements to place them in battery among the ruins. A small supply of food and water was also transferred to this islet.

While these dispositions were in progress, Raoul himself, assisted by his sailing-master, prepared to heave the lugger off the rocks. To this, at present the most important duty, our hero gave his personal inspection; for it required skill, judgment, and caution. The physical force of the crew was reserved to aid

in the attempt. At length everything was ready, and the instant had arrived when the momentous trial was to be made. The lugger had now been ashore full four hours, and the sun had been up quite three. By this time Raoul calculated that the English at Capri knew of his misfortune, and little leisure remained in which to do a vast deal of work. The hands were all summoned to the bars, therefore, and the toil of heaving commenced.

As soon as the cable got the strain, Raoul felt satisfied that the anchor would hold. Fortunately, a fluke had taken a rock, a circumstance that could be known only by the result; but, so long as the iron held together, there was no danger of that material agent's failing them. The last part of the process of lightening was now performed as rapidly as possible, and then came the trial-heave at the bars. Every effort was fruitless, however, inch being gained after inch, until it seemed as if the hemp of the cable were extending its minutest fibres without the hull's moving any more than the rocks on which it lay. Even the boys were called to the bars; but the united force of all hands, the officers included, pro-

duced no change. There was an instant when Raoul fancied his best course would be to set fire to the hulk, get on board the felucca, and sweep off to the southward, in time to avoid the expected visit from the English. He even called his officers together, and laid the proposition before them. But the project was too feebly urged, and it met with too little response in the breasts of his auditors to be successful. The idea of abandoning that beautiful and faultless little craft, was too painful, while the remotest hope of preserving it remained.

Raoul had measured his hours with the accuracy of a prudent general. It was now almost time for the English boats to appear, and he began to hope that the Neapolitans had made the great mistake of sending their information to the fleet off Naples, rather than carrying it to the ships at Capri. Should it prove so, he had still the day before him, and might retire under cover of the night. At all events, the lugger could not be abandoned without an enemy in sight, and the people were again called to the bars for a renewed effort. As water might be obtained at a hundred points on the coast, and the distance to Corsica was

so small, the last gallon had been started and pumped out during the recent pause.

Our hero felt that this was the final effort. The hold of Le Feu-Follet was literally empty, and all her spare spars were floating among the rocks. If she could not be started now, he did not possess the means to get her off. The anchor held; the cable, though stretched to the utmost, stood, and every creature but himself was at the bars. The ground-swell had been lessening all the morning, and little aid was now to be had from the rising of the water. Still that little must be obtained; without it, the task seemed hopeless.

"Get ready, men," cried Raoul, as he paced the taffrail; "and heave at the word. We will wait for a swell, then strain every nerve till something part. *Pas encore, mes enfans — pas encore!* Stand by!—Yonder comes a fellow who will lift us — heave a strain — heave harder — heave, body and soul!— heave, all together!"

The men obeyed. First they hove a gentle strain; then the effort was increased; and, obedient to the order, just as the ground-swell rolled under the lugger's bottom, they threw

out their utmost strength, and the hull started for the first time. This was encouraging, though the movement did not exceed six inches. It was a decided movement, and was made in the right direction. This success nerved the people to an increased effort. It was probable that, at the next strain, they would throw a tenth more impetus into their muscles. Of all this Raoul was aware, and he determined not to let the feeling flag.

"*Encore, mes enfans!*" said he. "Heave, and get ready! Be watchful—now's your time! Heave, and rip the planks off the lugger's bottom — heave, men, heave!"

This time the effort answered to the emergency; the swell rolled in, the men threw out their strength, a surge was felt, it was followed up by a strain, and Le Feu-Follet shot off her bed into deep water, rolling, for want of ballast, nearly to her hammock-cloths. She soon lay directly over her anchor.

Here was success! triumphant success! and that at a moment when the most sanguine had begun to despair. The men embraced each other, showing a hundred manifestations of extravagant joy. The tears came to Raoul's

eyes; but he had no opportunity of concealing them, every officer he had pressing around him to exchange felicitations. The scene was one of happy disorder. It had lasted two or three minutes, when Ithuel, always cold and calculating, edged his way through the throng to his commander's side, and pointed significantly in the direction of Campanella. There, indeed, was visible a division of the expected boats. It was pulling towards them, having that moment doubled the cape!

Ithuel's gesture was too significant to escape attention, and every eye followed its direction. The sight was of a nature not to be mistaken. It at once changed the current of feeling in all who beheld it. There was no longer a doubt concerning the manner in which the news of the accident had travelled, or of its effect on the English at Capri. In point of fact, the padrone of the captured felucca, with a sole eye to the recovery of his vessel, had ascended the Scaricatojo, after landing at the marinella at its foot, fast as legs could carry him; had rather run than glided along the narrow lanes of the piano and the hill-side to the beach of Sor-

rento; had thrown himself into a boat, manned by four lusty Sorrentine watermen — and Europe does not contain lustier or bolder; had gone on board the Terpsichore, and laid his case before Sir Frederick Dashwood, ignorant of the person of the real commanding officer among the three ships. The young baronet, though neither very wise, nor very much experienced in his profession, was exceedingly well disposed to seek distinction. It immediately occurred to his mind that the present was a fitting opportunity to gain laurels. He was second in rank present; and, in virtue of that claim, he fancied that the first could do no more than send him in command of the expedition, which he rightly foresaw Cuffe would order against the French. But there arose a difficulty. As soon as Sir Frederick reported the nature of the intelligence he had received to his senior captain, and his own wish to be employed on the occasion, the rights of Winchester interposed to raise a question. Cuffe was prompt enough in issuing an order for each ship to man and arm two boats, making six in all, and in giving the necessary details; but he lost some pre-

cious time in deciding as to who was to command. This was the cause of delay, and had given rise to certain hopes in Raoul, which facts were subsequently to destroy. In the end Sir Frederick prevailed, his rank giving him a decided advantage; and the division of boats now approaching was under his orders.

Raoul saw he had rather more than an hour to spare. To fight the felucca, unsupported, against so many enemies, and that in a calm, was quite out of the question. That small, low craft might destroy a few of her assailants; but she would inevitably be carried at the first onset. There was not time to get the ballast and other equipments into the lugger, so as to render her capable of a proper resistance; nor did even she offer the same advantages for a defence, unless in quick motion, as the ruins. It was determined, therefore, to make the best disposition of the two vessels that circumstances would allow, while the main dependence should be placed on the solid defences of stone. With this end, Ithuel was directed to haul his felucca to a proper berth; the first-lieutenant was ordered to get

as much on board Le Feu-Follet as possible, in readiness to profit by events; while Raoul himself, selecting thirty of his best men, commenced preparing the guns on the rocks for active service.

A single half-hour wrought a material change in the state of things. Ithuel had succeeded in hauling the felucca into a berth among the islets, where she could not easily be approached by boats, and where her carronades might be rendered exceedingly useful. Much of the ballast was again on board the lugger, and a few of her stores, sufficient to render her tolerably stiff, in the event of a breeze springing up; and Raoul had directed the two inside guns of the felucca to be sent on board her and mounted, that she might assist in the defence with a flanking fire. The great difficulty which exists in managing a force at anchor, is the opportunity which is given the assailant of choosing his point of attack, and, by bringing several of the vessels in a line, cause them to intercept each other's fire. In order to prevent this as much as in his power, Raoul placed his two floating batteries out of line, though it was impossible to make

such a disposition of them as would not leave each exposed on one point of attack in a degree greater than any other. Nevertheless, the arrangement was so made, that either a vessel or the ruins might aid each craft respectively against the assault on her weakest point.

When his own guns were ready, and the two vessels moored, Raoul visited both the lugger and felucca to inspect their preparations, and to say a cheerful word to their men. He found most things to his mind; where they were not, he ordered changes to be made. With the lieutenant his conversation was brief, for that officer was one who possessed much experience in this very sort of warfare, and could be relied on. With Ithuel he was more communicative; not that he distrusted the citizen of the Granite State, but that he knew him to be a man of unusual resources, could the proper spirit be aroused within him.

"*Bien*, Etoelle," said he, when the inspection was ended, "much will depend on the use you make of these two guns."

"I know that as well as you do yourself, Captain Rule," answered the other, biting off

at least two inches from half a yard of pigtail; "and, what 's more, I know that I fight with a rope round my neck. The spiteful devils will hardly overlook all that's passed; and tlfough it will be dead agin' all law, they 'll work out their eends on us both, if we don't work out our eends on them. To my mind, the last will be the most agreeable, as well as the most just."

"Bon! — do not throw away your shot, Etooelle."

"I! — why, Captain Rule, I 'm nat'rally economical. That would be wasteful, and waste I set down for a sin. The only place I calculate on throwing the shot is into the face and eyes of the English. For my part, I wish Nelson himself was in one of them boats —I wish the man no harm; but I *do* wish he was in one of them very boats."

"And, Etooelle, I do *not*. It is bad enough as it is, *entre nous;* and Nelson is very welcome to stay on board his Foudroyant; *voilà!* —The enemy is in council; we shall soon hear from them. Adieu, *mon ami!*—remember our two *Républiques!*"

Raoul squeezed Ithuel's hand, and entered

his boat. The distance to the ruin was trifling, but it was necessary to make a small circuit in order to reach it. While doing this, the young mariner discovered a boat pulling from the direction of the marinella at the foot of the Scaricatojo, which had got so near, unseen, as, at first, to startle him by its proximity. A second look, however, satisfied him that no cause of apprehension existed in that quarter. His eye could not be deceived. The boat contained Ghita and her uncle; the latter rowing, and the former seated in the stern, with her head bowed to her knees, apparently in tears. Raoul was alone, sculling the light yawl with a single hand, and he exerted himself to meet these unexpected and, in the circumstances, unwelcome visitors, as far as possible from the rocks. Presently the two boats lay side by side.

"What means this, Ghita?" exclaimed the young man; "do you not see the English yonder, at this moment making their preparations to attack us? In a few minutes we shall be in the midst of a battle, and thou here!"

"I see it all now, Raoul," was the answer, "though we did not on quitting the shore; but

we would not turn back, having once come upon the Bay. I was the first in St. Agata to discover the evil which had befallen thee; from that moment I have never ceased to entreat my uncle, until he has consented to come hither."

"With what motive, Ghita?" asked Raoul, with sparkling eyes: "at length thou relentest—wilt become my wife! In my adversity thou rememberest thou art a woman!"

"Not exactly that, dear Raoul; but I cannot desert thee altogether in this strait. The same objection exists now, I fear, that has ever existed to our union; but that is no reason I should not aid thee. We have many friends along the heights here, who will consent to conceal thee; and I have come to carry thee and the American to the shore, until an opportunity offer to get thee to thine own France."

"What! desert *ces braves*, Ghita, at a moment like this!—Not to possess thy hand, dearest girl, could I be guilty of an act so base."

"Thy situation is not theirs. The condemnation to death hangs over thee, Raoul;

shouldst thou again fall into English hands, there will be no mercy for thee."

"*Assez;* this is no moment for argument. The English are in motion, and there is barely time for thee to get to a safe distance before they begin to fire. Heaven bless thee, Ghita! This care of thine draws my heart to thee closer than ever; but we must now separate. Signor Giuntotardi, pull more towards Amalfi. I see that the English mean to attack us from the side of the land — pull more towards Amalfi."

"'Thou tellest us this in vain, Raoul," Ghita quietly, but firmly answered. "We have not come here on an unmeaning errand; if thou refusest to go with us, we will remain with thee. These prayers, which thou so despisest, may not prove useless."

"Ghita! this can never be. We are without cover—almost without defences—our vessel is unfit to receive thee, and this affair will be very different from that off Elba. Thou wouldst not willingly distract my mind with care for thee at such a moment!"

"We will remain, Raoul. There may come a moment when thou wilt be glad to have the

prayers of believers. God leadeth us hither, either to take thee away, or to remain, and look to thy eternal welfare, amid the din of war."

Raoul gazed at the beautiful enthusiast with an intensity of love and admiration, which even her truthful simplicity had never before excited. Her mild eyes were kindling with holy ardour, her cheeks were flushed, and something like the radiance of heaven seemed to beam upon her countenance. The young man felt that time pressed; he saw no hope of overcoming her resolution, in season to escape the approaching boats; and it might be, that the two would be safer in some nook of the ruins than in attempting to return to the shore. Then, that never-dying, but latent wish to have Ghita with him, aided his hasty reasoning, and he decided to permit the girl and her uncle to come upon the islet which he was to defend in person.

Some signs of impatience had begun to manifest themselves among his people, before Raoul made up his mind to the course he would follow. But, when he landed, sup-

porting Ghita, that chivalry of character and homage to the sex, which distinguishes the southern Frenchman, changed the current of feeling, and their two acquaintances were received with acclamation. The acts of self-devotion seemed heroic, and that is always enough to draw applause among a people so keenly alive to glory. Still the time to make the necessary dispositions was short. Fortunately the surgeon had taken his post on this islet, as the probable scene of the warmest conflict, and he had contrived to make his preparations to receive the hurt in a cavity of the rock, behind a portion of the ruin, where the person would be reasonably safe. Raoul saw the advantages of this position, and he led Ghita and her uncle to it, without pausing to deliberate. Here he tenderly embraced the girl, a liberty Ghita could not repel at such a moment; then he tore himself away, to attend to duties which had now become urgently pressing.

In point of fact, Sir Frederick Dashwood had made his dispositions, and was advancing to the assault, being already within the range of grape. For the obvious reason of pre-

venting the French from attempting to escape to the shore, he chose to approach from that side himself, an arrangement that best suited Raoul; who, foreseeing the probability of the course, had made his own preparations with an eye to such an event.

Of boats, there were eight in sight, though only seven were drawing near, and were in line. Six had strong crews, were armed, and were evidently fitted for action. Of these, three had light boat-guns in their bows, while the other three carried small-arms-men only. The seventh boat was the Terpsichore's gig, with its usual crew armed; though it was used by the commanding officer himself as a sort of *cheval de bataille*, in the stricter meaning of the term. In other words, Sir Frederick Dashwood pulled through the line in it, to give his orders and encourage his people. The eighth boat, which kept aloof, quite out of the range of grape, was a shore-craft belonging to Capri, in which Andrea Barrofaldi and Vito Viti had come, expressly to witness the capture or destruction of their old enemy. When Raoul was taken in the Bay of Naples, these two worthies fancied

that their mission was ended; that they might return with credit to Porto Ferrajo, and again hold up their heads with dignity and self-complacency among the functionaries of the island. But the recent escape, and the manner in which they had been connected with it, entirely altered the state of things. A new load of responsibility rested on their shoulders; fresh opprobrium was to be met and put down; and the last acquisition of ridicule promised to throw the first proofs of their simplicity and dullness entirely into the shade. Had not Griffin and his associates been implicated in the affair, it is probable the vice-governatore and the podestà would have been still more obnoxious to censure; but, as things were, the sly looks, open jests, and oblique innuendoes of all they met in the ship, had determined the honest magistrates to retire to their proper pursuits on *terra firma* at the earliest occasion. In the mean time, to escape persecution, and to obtain a modicum of the glory that was now to be earned, they had hired a boat, and accompanied the expedition in the character of amateurs. It formed no part of their plan, however, to

share in the combat; a view of its incidents being quite as much—as Vito Viti strongly maintained, when his friend made a suggestion to the contrary—as was necessary to vindicate their conduct and courage in the judgment of every Elban.

"Cospetto!" he exclaimed, in the warmth of opposition; "Signor Andrea, your propositions are more in the spirit of an unreflecting boy than in that of a discreet vice-governatore. If we take swords and muskets in the boat, as you appear to wish, the devil may tempt us to use them; and what does either of us know of such things? The pen is a more befitting weapon for a magistrate than a keen-edged sword, or a foul-smelling piece of fire-arms. I am amazed that your native sensibilities do not teach you this. There is an indecency in men's mistaking their duties; and, of all things on earth, Heaven protect me from falling into such an error! A false position is despicable."

"Thou art warm, friend Vito, and that without occasion: for my part, I think men should be prepared for any emergency that may happen. History is full of examples in

which civilians and scholars, ay, even churchmen, have distinguished themselves by feats of arms on proper occasions; and I confess to a philosophical curiosity to ascertain the sensations with which men seek and expose life."

"That's your besetting weakness, Signor Andrea, and the emergency drives me so far to lose sight of the respect that a podestà owes to a vice-governatore, as to feel constrained to tell you as much. Philosophy plays the very devil with your judgment; with about half of what you possess, the Grand Duke couldn't boast of a more sensible subject. As for history, I don't believe anything that's in it,—more especially since the nations of the north have begun to write it. Italy once *had* histories; but where are they now? For my part, I never heard of a man's fighting who was not regularly bred to arms, unless it might be some fellow who had reason to wish he had never been born."

"I can name you several men of letters in particular, whose fame as soldiers is only eclipsed by that earned by their more peaceful labours, honest Vito — Michael Angelo

Buonarotti, for instance, to say nothing of various warlike popes, cardinals, and bishops. But we can discuss this matter after the battle is over. Thou seest the English are already quitting their ships, and we shall be in the rear of the combatants."

"So much the better, Corpo di Bacco! who ever heard of an army that carries its brains in its head, like a human being? No, no, Signor Andrea; I have provided myself with a string of beads, which I intend to count over with aves and paters while the firing lasts, like a good Catholic; if you are so hot, and bent on making one in this battle, you may proclaim in a loud voice one of the speeches of the ancient consuls and generals, such as you will find them in any of the old books."

Vito Viti prevailed. The vice-governatore was obliged to leave the arms behind him, and this too without making any great difference in the result of the day's fighting; inasmuch as the boatmen employed, in addition to asking a triple price for their time and labour, obstinately refused to go nearer to the French than half a league. Distant as this was, however, Raoul, while reconnoitring the enemy with a

glass, detected the presence of the two Elbans. He laughed outright at the discovery, notwithstanding the many serious reflections that naturally pressed upon his mind at such a moment.

But this was not the time to indulge in merriment, and the countenance of our hero almost immediately resumed its look of care. Now that he felt certain of the manner in which the English intended to assail him, he had new orders to give to all his subordinates. As has been said, the principal point was to make the different guns support each other: in order to do this effectually, it became necessary to spring the lugger's broadside round more obliquely towards the felucca; which accomplished, Raoul deemed his arrangements complete.

Then followed the pause which ordinarily prevails between preparation and the battle. This, in a vessel, is always a period of profound and solemn stillness. So important to concert, order, and intelligent obedience, in the narrow compass and amid the active evolutions of a ship, does silence become at such moments, that one of the first duties of discipline is to inculcate its absolute necessity;

and a thousand men shall be seen standing in their batteries, ready to serve the fierce engines of war, without a sound arising among them all, of sufficient force to still the washing of the gentlest waves. It is true, the French were not now strictly arrayed for a naval action; but they carried into the present conflict the habits and discipline of the peculiar branch of service to which they belonged.

CHAPTER IX.

His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"
Lady of the Lake.

Our battle will be told with greater clearness if the reader is furnished with an outline of its order. As has been more than once intimated already, Sir Frederick Dashwood had made all his preparations to commence the assault from the side of the land, the object being to prevent a retreat to the shore. Raoul had foreseen the probability of this, and, with a special view to prevent the two vessels from being easily boarded, he had caused both to be placed in such positions as left low barriers of rocks between them and that quarter of the bay. These rocks were portions that were not visible at any distance, being just awash, as it is termed,

or on a level with the surface of the water; offering the same sort of protection against an attack in boats which ditches afford in cases of assaults on *terra firma*. This was a material advantage to the expected defence, and our hero showed his discrimination in adopting it. On board the felucca, which was named The Holy Michael, was Ithuel with fifteen men, and two twelve-pound carronades, with a proper supply of small arms and ammunition. The Granite-man was the only officer, though he had with him three or four of the lugger's best men.

Le Feu-Follet was confided to the care of Jules Pintard, her first-lieutenant, who had under his immediate orders some five-and-twenty of the crew, to work four more of the carronades. The lugger had a part only of her ballast in, and something like a third of her stores. The remainder of both still lay on the adjacent rocks, in waiting for the result of the day. She was thought, however, to be sufficiently steady for any service that might be expected of her while moored, and might even have carried whole sail, in light winds, with perfect safety. All four of her

guns were brought over on one side, in readiness to use in battery in the same direction. By this arrangement the French essentially increased their means of defence, bringing all their artillery into use at the same time; an expedient which could not have been adopted had they been fought in broadside.

Raoul had planted among the ruins the remaining four guns. With the aid of a few planks, the breechings, tackles, and other appliances of a vessel, this had been easily effected; and, on reviewing his work, he had great confidence in the permanency of his pieces. The ruins themselves were no great matter; at a little distance they were scarcely perceptible; though, aided by the formation of the natural rock, and by removing some of the stones to more favourable positions, they answered the purpose of the seamen sufficiently well. The carronades were placed *en-barbette;* but a falling of the surface of the rock enabled the men to cover even their heads, by stepping back a few feet. The danger would be much the greatest to those whose duty it would be to reload.

The surgeon, Carlo Giuntotardi, and Ghita,

were established in a cavity of the rocks, perfectly protected against missiles, so long as the enemy continued on the side next the land, and yet within fifty feet of the battery. Here the former made the usual bloody-looking, if not bloody-minded, preparations for applying tourniquets and for amputating, all unheeded, however, by his two companions, both of whom were lost to the scene around them in devout prayer.

Just as these several dispositions were completed, Ithuel, who ever kept an eye to windward, called out to Raoul, and inquired if it might not be well to run the yards up to the mast-heads, as they would be more out of the way in their place aloft than littering the decks. There was no possible objection to the measure, it being a dead calm; and both the lugger and the felucca swayed their yards into their places, the sails being bent, and hanging in the brails. This is the ordinary state of craft of the latter rig, though not always that of luggers; and the Granite-man, mindful that his own gear was down, in consequence of having been lowered by her former owners previously to the capture, bethought him of

the expediency of getting everything ready for a run. He wished the lugger to be in an equal state of preparation, it being plain enough that two to be pursued would embarrass the English, in a chase, twice as much as one. This was the reason of his suggestion; and he felt happier for seeing it attended to.

On the other side, all preliminary difficulties had been disposed of. Captain Sir Frederick Dashwood was in command, and Lieutenants Winchester and Griffin, after a few open protestations, certain grimaces, and divers secret curses, were fain to submit. The discussion, however, had produced one result, not altogether unfavourable to the Proserpines. Cuffe sent four of her boats against the enemy; while he restricted the Terpsichore to two, including her gig, and the Ringdove to two. Each ship sent her launch, as a matter of course, with a twelve-pound boat-gun on its grating. Griffin was in that of the Proserpine; Mr. Stothard, the second of the other frigate, was in the Terpsichore's; and M'Bean, as of right, commanded those of the Ringdove. Griffin was in the first cutter of his own ship, and

Clinch had charge of the second. The third was headed by Strand, whose call was to have precedence on the occasion. The other boats had subordinates from their respective ships. All were in good heart; and, while all expected a severe struggle for her, knowing the desperate character of their enemy, every man in the boats felt confident that the lugger was finally to fall into British hands: still, a grave consideration of the possible consequences to the actors mingled with the exultation of the more reflecting men among the assailants.

Sir Frederick Dashwood, who ought to have felt the moral responsibility of his command, of all the higher officers present, was the most indifferent to consequences. Constitutionally brave; personal considerations had little influence on him; habitually confident of English prowess, he expected victory and credit as a matter of course; and, favoured by birth, fortune, and parliamentary interest, he gave himself no trouble as to the possibility of a failure, certain (though not avowing that certainty even to himself) that any little mishap would be covered by the broad mantle of the

accident, that had so early raised him to the rank he held.

In making his dispositions for the fight, however, Sir Frederick had not disdained the counsels of men older and more experienced than himself. Cuffe had given him much good advice before they parted, and Winchester and Strand had been particularly recommended to him as seamen whose suggestions might turn out to be useful.

"I send a master's-mate, named Clinch, in charge of one of our boats, too, Dashwood," added the senior captain, as he concluded his remarks; "who is one of the most experienced seamen in the Proserpine. He has seen much boat-service, and has always behaved himself well. A vile practice of drinking has kept the poor fellow under; but he is now determined to make an effort, and I beg you will put him forward to-day, that he may have a chance. Jack Clinch has the right sort of stuff in him, if opportunities offer to bring it out."

"I flatter myself, Cuffe, that all hands will meet with opportunity enough," answered Sir Frederick in his drawling way; "for I intend to put 'em all in together, like a thorough

pack coming in at the death. I've seen Lord Echo's harriers so close at the end of a long chase, that you might have covered the whole with this ship's main course; and I intend it shall be so with our boats to-day. By the way, Cuffe, that would be a pretty figure for a despatch, and would make Bronté smile—ha!—wouldn't it?"

"D—n the figure, the harriers, and the despatch, too, Dashwood; first win the day, before you begin to write poetry about it. Bronté, as you call Nelson, has lightning in him as well as thunder; and there isn't an admiral in the service who cares less for blood and private rank than himself. The way to make him smile, is to do a thing neatly and well. For God's sake, now, be careful of the men; we are short-handed, as it is, and can't afford such another scrape as that off Porto Ferrajo."

"Never fear for us, Cuffe; you'll never miss the men I shall expend."

Every captain had a word to say to his officers; but none other worth recording, with the exception of what passed between Lyon and his first-lieutenant.

"Ye'll remember, Airchy, that a ship can have a reputation for economy, as well as a man. There's several of our own countrymen about the Admiralty just now; and, next to courage and enterprise, they view the expenditures with the keenest eyes. I've known an admiral reach a red ribbon just on that one quality; his accounts showing cheaper ships and cheaper squadrons than any in the sairvice. Ye'll all do your duties, for the honour o' Scotland; but there's six or seven Leith and Glasgow lads in the boats, whom it may be as well not to let murder themselves, out of a' need. I've put the whole of the last draft from the river guard-ship into the boats, and with them there's no great occasion to be tender. They're the sweepings of the Thames and Wapping; and full half of them would have been at Botany Bay before this had they not been sent here."

"Does the law about being in sight apply to the boats, or to the ships, the day, Captain Lyon?"

"To the boats, man! or who the de'il do you think would sairve in them! It's a pitiful affair altogether, as it has turned out;

the honour being little more than the profit, I opine; and yet 'twill never do to let old Scotia lag astairn in a hand-to-hand battle. Ye'll remember, we have a name for coming to the claymore; and so do yer best, every mither's son o'ye."

M'Bean grunted an assent, and went about his work as methodically as if it were a sum in algebra. The second-lieutenant of the Terpsichore was a young Irishman, with a sweet musical voice; and as the boats left the ships he was with difficulty kept in the line, straining to move ahead, with his face on a grin, and his cheers stimulating the men to undue or unreasonable efforts. Such is an outline of the English materials on this occasion; both parties being now ready for the struggle. If we add, that it was already past two, and that all hands began to feel some anxiety on the score of the wind, which might soon be expected, the preliminary picture is sufficiently sketched.

Sir Frederick Dashwood had formed his line about a mile within the rocks, with one launch in the centre, and one on each extremity. That in the centre was commanded

by O'Leary, his own second-lieutenant; that on the left of his force by M'Bean, and the one on its right by Winchester. O'Leary was flanked by Griffin and Clinch, in the Proserpine's cutters; while the intervals were filled by the remaining boats. The captain kept moving about in his own gig, giving his directions, somewhat confusedly beyond a question, yet with a cheerfulness and indifference of air which aided in keeping alive the general *gaieté de cœur*. When all was ready, he gave the signal to advance, pulling for the first half-mile chivalrously in advance of the line with his own gig.

Raoul had noted the smallest movement of the enemy with a glass, and with grave attention. Nothing escaped his jealous watchfulness; and he saw that Sir Frederick had made a capital error in the outset. Had he strengthened his centre, by putting all his carronades in the same battery, as it might be, the chances for success would have been doubled; but, by dividing them, he so far weakened their effect as to render it certain no one of the three French batteries could be wholly crippled by their fire. This, of

course, left the difficult task to the English of pushing up to their hand-to-hand work under the embarrassment of receiving constant discharges of grape and canister.

The few minutes that intervened between the order to advance, and the moment when the boats got within a quarter of a mile of the rock, were passed in a profound quiet, neither side making any noise, though Raoul had no small difficulty in restraining the constitutional impatience of his own men to begin. A boat presents so small an object, however, to artillerists so little skilled as seamen generally are, who depend more on general calculations than on the direct or scientific aim, the latter being usually defeated by the motion of their vessels, that he was unwilling to throw away even his canister. A Frenchman himself, however, he could refrain no longer; and he pointed a carronade, firing it with his own hand. This was the commencement of the strife. All the other guns in the ruin followed, and the lugger kept time, as it might be by note. The English rose, gave three cheers, and each launch discharged her gun. At the same instant the two men

who held the matches in the felucca applied them briskly to the vents of their respective pieces: to their surprise, neither exploded, and on examination it was discovered that the priming had vanished. To own the truth, he of the Granite State had slily brushed his hand over the guns, and robbed them of this great essential of their force. He held the priming-horns in his own hands, and resolutely refused to allow them to pass into those of any other person.

It was fortunate Ithuel was known to be such a determined hater of the English, else might his life have been the forfeit of this seeming act of treachery. But he meditated no such dereliction of duty. Perfectly aware of the impossibility of preventing his men from firing, did they possess the means, this deliberate and calculating personage had resorted to this expedient to reserve his own effort, until, in his judgment, it might prove the most available. His men murmured; but, too much excited to deliberate, they poured in a discharge of musketry, as the only means of annoying the enemy then left them. Even Raoul glanced aside, a little wondering at not

hearing the felucca's carronades; but, perceiving her people busy with their fire-arms, he believed all right.

The first discharge in such an affair is usually the most destructive. On the present occasion the firing was not without serious effects. The English, much the most exposed, suffered in proportion. Four men were hurt in Winchester's boat, two in Griffin's, six or eight men in the other launches and cutters, and one of Sir Frederick's gig-men was shot through the heart; a circumstance which induced that officer to drop alongside of a cutter, and exchange the dead body for a living man.

On the rocks but one man was injured. A round-shot had hit a stone, shivered it in fragments, and struck down a valuable seaman, just as he was advancing with a gallant mien to sponge one of the guns.

"Poor Josef!" said Raoul, as he witnessed the man's fall; "carry him to the surgeon, *mes braves.*"

"Mon Capitaine—Josef is dead."

This decided the matter, and the body was laid aside, while another stepped forward and

sponged the gun. At that moment Raoul found leisure to walk a yard or two towards the rear, in order to ascertain if the cover of Ghita were sufficient. The girl was on her knees, lost to all around her; though, could he have read her heart, he would have found it divided between entreaties to the Deity and love for himself.

The lugger sustained no harm. O'Leary had overshot her, in his desire to make his missiles reach. Not even a canister had lodged in her spars, or torn her sails. The usual luck appeared to attend her, and the people on board fought with renewed confidence and zeal. Not so with the felucca, however. Here the fire of the English had been the most destructive. The wary and calculating M'Bean had given his attention to this portion of the French defences, and the consequences partook of the sagacity and discretion of the man. A charge of canister had swept across the felucca's decks, more than decimating Ithuel's small force; for it actually killed one, and wounded three of his party.

But, the din once commenced, there was no leisure to pause. The fire was kept up with

animation on both sides, and men fell rapidly. The boats cheered and pressed ahead, the water becoming covered with a wide sheet of smoke.

In moments like this, the safest course for the assailants is to push on. This the English did, firing and cheering at every fathom they advanced, but suffering also. The constant discharge of the carronades, and the total absence of wind, soon caused a body of smoke to collect in front of the rock; while the English brought on with them another, trailing along the water, the effect of their own fire. The two shrouds soon united, and then there was a minute when the boats could only be seen with indistinctness. This was Ithuel's moment. Perceiving that the ten or twelve men who remained to him were engrossed with their muskets, he pointed the two carronades himself, and primed them from the horns which he had never quitted. For the felucca he felt no present concern. Winchester, and all the boats in the centre of the English line, were most in advance, the fire of the ruins urging them to the greatest exertion. Then M'Bean, beside being more distant, could not cross the rock in front of the felucca without making.

a circuit, and he must as yet be ignorant of the existence of the impediment. Ithuel was cool and calculating by nature, as well as by habit; but this immunity from present risk probably increased the immediate possession of qualities so important in battle. His carronades were loaded to their muzzles with bags of bullets, and he beckoned to the best seaman of his party to take one of the matches, while he used the other himself, each holding a monkey's-tail in one hand, in readiness to train the light gun, as circumstances required. The pieces had been depressed by Ithuel himself in the midst of the fray, and nothing remained but to wait the moment for using them.

This moment was now near. The object of the English was to land on the principal islet, and to carry the ruin by storm. In order to do this, all the boats of their centre converged in their courses to the same point; and, the smoke being driven off by each concussion of the guns, a dark cluster of the enemy diverged from the ragged outline of the vapour, within fifty yards of the intended point of landing. Ithuel and his companion

were ready. Together they sighted, and together they fired. This unexpected discharge, from a quarter that had been so comparatively silent, surprised both friends and foes, and it drove a fresh mantle of smoke momentarily athwart the rock and the open space in its front.

A cry arose from the dense shroud of battle, that differed from the shouts of success and courage. Physical agony had extorted shrieks from the stoutest hearts, and even the French in the ruins paused to look for the next act of the desperate drama. Raoul seized the opportunity to prepare for the expected hand-to-hand struggle; but it was unnecessary. The cessation in the firing was common in both parties, and it gave the vapour a minute in which to lift the curtain from the water.

When the late obstacle was raised high enough to admit of a view, the result became evident. All the English boats but one had scattered, and were pulling swiftly in different directions from the scene of slaughter. By taking this course, they diverted and divided the fire of their enemies; an expedient of which it would have been happier had they bethought

them earlier. The remaining boat was a cutter of the Terpsichore. It had received the weight of canister from Ithuel's own gun, and, of sixteen men it had contained when it left the frigate's side, but two escaped. These fellows had thrown themselves into the sea, and were picked up by passing boats. The cutter itself came drifting slowly in towards the rock, announcing the nature of its fearful cargo by the groans and cries which arose from out its bosom. Raoul stopped the fire, equally from humanity and policy, after a few discharges at the retreating boats, and the first act of the battle closed.

The breathing-time gave both parties a desirable opportunity for ascertaining in what positions they were left. In the whole, the French had lost the services of eleven men, all, with the exception of Ithuel's four, in the ruin. The loss of the English amounted to thirty-three, including several officers. The master's-mate, who had commanded the crippled cutter, lay over its stern, flat on his back, with no less than five musket-balls through his chest. His passage into another state of existence had been sudden as the flight of the electric spark.

Of his late companions several were dead also, though most were still enduring the pain of fractured bones and bruised nerves. The boat itself slowly touched the rocks, raising fresh cries among the wounded, by the agony they endured from the shocks of rising and falling under the ground-swell.

Raoul was too deliberate and too much collected not to feel his advantage. Anxious to keep his means of further defence in the best condition, he directed all the guns to cease, and the damages to be repaired. Then he went with a party towards the boat that had fallen into his hands. To encumber himself with prisoners of any sort in his actual situation would have been a capital mistake, but to do this with wounded men would have been an act of folly. The boat had tourniquets and other similar appliances in it, and he directed some of the French to use them on those who wanted them most. He also supplied the parched lips of the sufferers with water; when, conceiving that his duty was performed, he gave an order to haul the boat on one side, and to shove it forcibly out of the line of any coming conflict.

"Halloo, Captain Rule!" called out Ithuel; "you are wrong there. Let the boat lie where it is, and it will answer a better turn than another breastwork. The English will scarcely fire through their own wounded."

The look that Raoul cast towards his auxiliary was fierce, even indignant; but, disregarding the advice, he motioned for his own men to obey the order he had already given them. Then, as if mindful of Ithuel's importance, his late timely succour, and the necessity of not offending him, he walked to the side of the islet nearest to the felucca, and spoke courteously and cheerfully to him, whose advice he had just treated with indifference, if not with disdain. This was not hypocrisy, but a prudent adaptation of his means to his circumstances.

"*Bon—brave Etooelle!*" said he; "your bags of bullets were welcome friends, and they arrived at the right moment."

"Why, Captain Rule, in the Granite country we are never wasteful of our means. You can always wait for the white of Englishmen's eyes in these affairs. They 're spiteful d—ls on the whull, and seem to be near-sighted to a

man. They came so clus' at Bunker Hill, that our folks—"

"*Bon!*" repeated Raoul, feeling no wish to hear a thrice-told tale gone through again, Bunker Hill invariably placing Ithuel on a great horse in the way of bragging; for he not only imagined that great victory a New England triumph, as in fact it was, but he was much disposed to encourage the opinion that it was in a great measure "Granite." "*Bon!*" interrupted Raoul—"Bunkair was good, *mais les Roches aux Sirens* is bettair. If you have more *de ces balles*, load *encore*."

"What think you of this, Captain Rule?" asked the other, pointing up at a little vane which began to flutter at the head of one of his masts. "Here is the west wind, and an opportunity offers to be off. Let us take wit and run."

Raoul started, and gazed at the heavens, the vane, and the surface of the sea; the latter beginning to show a slightly ruffled surface. Then his eye wandered towards Ghita. The girl had risen from her knees, and her eyes followed his every movement. When they met his, with a sweet imploring smile she

pointed upward, as if beseeching him to pay the debt of gratitude he owed to that dread Being who had as yet borne him unharmed through the fray. He understood her meaning, kissed his hand in affectionate gallantry, and turned towards Ithuel to pursue the discourse.

—"It is too soon," said he. "We are impregnable here, and the wind is still too light. An hour hence, and we will all go together."

Ithuel grumbled, but his commander heeded it not. The judgment of the latter had decided right. The boats were rallying within musket-shot, indifferent to the danger, and it was evident that the attack was to be renewed. To attempt to escape at such an instant would have been throwing away the great advantage of the ruins, and might have endangered all without benefiting any one.

In point of fact, Sir Frederick Dashwood had become keenly alive to a sense of the disgrace he was likely to incur in the event of the ship's getting round and robbing him of the credit of capturing the lugger. The usually apathetic nature of this young man was thoroughly aroused, and, like all who are difficult to excite,

he became respectable when his energies were awakened. The boats were already collected; all the disabled were put into one of them, and ordered off to the ships; and with those which remained arrangements were made to renew the attempt. It was fortunate that Cuffe had sent an expedition so strong-handed, for, notwithstanding the loss, the three launches and the cutters could still muster double the number of the French.

This time, Sir Frederick was willing to listen to counsel. Winchester, M'Bean, Griffin, and Strand united in advising that the boats should separate, and make their assaults from different points. This would prevent the possibility of a recurrence of so concentrated a disaster as that which had already befallen them. To the Scotchman was assigned the felucca; the Terpsichore's launch was to assail the lugger; while the two cutters, and the heavier boat of the Proserpine, were to dash in at the ruins. Sir Frederick still remained in his own gig, to push for the point that might seem to require his presence.

M'Bean was the first to fire on this occasion. He threw a round-shot from his carronade

into the felucca, aimed by himself, and directed with care. It fell upon one of Ithuel's carronades, broke into a dozen pieces, knocked down no less than three men, besides injuring others less severely, and actually drove the gun it struck off its slide into the felucca's hold. This was a rough commencement; and, the result being seen by all hands, it greatly encouraged the assailants. Three hearty English cheers followed; and Ithuel was so far disconcerted as to fire the remaining gun, loaded, as before, with bullets, at least two minutes too soon. The sea was thrown into a foam, but not a man in the boats was hurt. Then the fire became general; gun after gun exploding, the rattling of small-arms filling up the pauses. The boats came on with steady, strong pulls of the oar; and this too with an impunity that often happens, though difficult to be explained. Several shot fell among the ruins, knocking the stones about; and for a minute or two all the injury was on one side. But Pintard and Ithuel felt the security conferred by the rocks in their front, and each endeavoured to give one effective discharge. Ithuel succeeded the best. He repaid M'Bean

in his own coin, sending a grist of bullets into the bows of his launch, which admonished that prudent officer of the necessity of sheering towards the islet of the ruins. Pintard's assailant was brought up by the barrier in front, and turned aside also. Then, in the midst of a cloud of smoke, shouts, curses, cries, shrieks, orders, and the roar of guns, all the English precipitated themselves in a body on the principal post, and became the masters of the battery in the twinkling of an eye.

CHAPTER X.

Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day that highest glory brings,
Brings us to the point of back-returning.

DANIEL.

IN scenes like that just related, it is not easy to collect details. All that was ever known beyond the impetuous manner of the assault, in which the ruins were carried, was in the dire result. Half the French on the islet were weltering in their blood, and the surface of the rocks was well sprinkled with enemies who had not been more fortunate. It had been a desperate onset, in which mortification increased natural intrepidity, which had been nobly resisted, but in which numbers had necessarily prevailed. Among the English slain was Sir Frederick Dashwood himself; he lay about a yard from his own gig,

with a ball directly through his head. Griffin was seriously hurt; but Clinch was untouched, on the low rampart, waving an English Jack, after having hauled down a similar emblem of the French. His boat had first touched the rock; her crew had first reached the ruin; and, of all in her, he himself had taken the lead. Desperately had he contended for Jane and a commission, and, this time, Providence appeared to smile on his efforts. As for Raoul, he lay in front of his own rampart, having rushed forward to meet the party of Clinch, and had actually crossed swords with his late prisoner, when a musket-ball, fired by the hands of M'Bean, traversed his body.

"*Courage, mes braves! en avant!*" he was heard to shout as he leaped the low wall to repel the invaders; and, when he lay on the hard rock, his voice was still strong enough to make itself heard, crying, "*Lieutenant, nom de Dieu—sauve mon Feu-Follet!*"

It is probable that Pintard would not have stirred, even at this order, had not the English ships been seen at that instant coming round Campanella with a leading westerly wind. The flap of canvass was audible near; and

turning, he saw the Michael falling off, under her foresail, and already gathering steerage-way. Not a soul was visible on her decks; Ithuel, who steered, lying so close as to be hid by her waist-cloths. The hawsers of the lugger were cut, and Le Feu-Follet started back like an affrighted steed. It was only to let go the brails, and her foresail fell. Light, and feeling the breeze, which now came in strong puffs, she shot out of the little bay, and wore short round on her heel. Two or three of the English boats attempted to follow, but it was idle. Winchester, who now commanded, recalled them, saying that it remained for the ships to perform their task. The day had been too bloody, indeed, to think of more than securing the present success, and of attending to the hurt.

Leaving the party on the islets for a moment, we will follow the two vessels in their attempt to escape. Pintard and his companions abandoned Raoul with heavy hearts; but they plainly saw him prostrated on the rocks, and by the hand placed on his side understood the desperate nature of his wound. Like him, they felt some such interest as one

entertains for a beloved mistress in the fate of the lugger, and the words "*Sauve mon Feu-Follet!*" were ringing in their ears.

As soon as the lugger got round, she set her after-sail, and then she began to glide through the water with the usual knife-like parting of the element under her bows. The course she steered led her directly out of the bay, seeming to lead across the fore-foots of the English ships. Ithuel did not imitate this manœuvre. He kept more away in the line for Pæstum, rightly enough believing, that, in the greedy desire to overtake the lugger, his own movement would pass unheeded. The owner of this craft was still on board the Terpsichore; but every remonstrance, and all the requests he made, that his own vessel might be followed and captured, were utterly unheeded by the lieutenant now in command. To him, as to all others in authority, there seemed to be but one thing desirable, and that was to secure the lugger. Of course none yet knew of the fatal character of the struggle on the rocks, or of the death of the English leader; though the nature of the result was sufficiently understood by seeing the

English Jack flying among the ruins, and the two vessels under way, endeavouring to escape.

The season was now so far advanced as to render the old stability of the breezes a little uncertain. The zephyr had come early, and it had come fresh; but there were symptoms of a sirocco, about the barometer, and in the atmosphere. This rendered all in the ships eager to secure their prize before a shift of wind should come. Now, that there were three fast vessels in chase, none doubted of the final result; and Cuffe paced the quarter-deck of the Proserpine, rubbing his hands with delight as he regarded all the propitious signs of the times.

The Ringdove was ordered, by signal, to haul up south-south-west, or close on a wind, with a view to make such an offing as would prevent the possibility of the lugger's getting outside of the ships, and gaining the wind of them; an achievement Cuffe thought she might very well be enabled to accomplish, could she once fairly come by the wind under circumstances that would prevent any of his vessels from bringing her under their guns.

The Terpsichore, was directed to run well into the bay, to see that a similar artifice was not practised in that direction; while the Proserpine shaped her own course at the angle that would intercept the chase, should the latter continue to stand on.

It was an easy thing for the French to set all their canvass, the hamper of a lugger being so simple. This was soon done; and Pintard watched the result with intense interest, well knowing that everything now depended on heels, and ignorant of what might be the effect of her present trim on the sailing of his beautiful craft. Luckily, some attention had been paid to her lines in striking in the ballast again, and it was soon found that the vessel was likely to behave well. Pintard thought her so light as to be tender; but, not daring to haul up high enough to prove her in that way, it remained a matter of opinion only. It was enough for him that she lay so far to the west of south as to promise to clear the point of Piane, and that she skimmed along the water at a rate that bade fair to distance all three of her pursuers. Anxious to get an offing, however, which

would allow him to alter his course at night in more directions than one, he kept luffing, as the wind favoured, so as sensibly to edge off the land.

As the two chases commenced their flight quite a mile to the southward of the ships, having so much the start of them on account of the position of the rocks, it rendered them both tolerably free from all danger of shot at the beginning of the race. The course steered by Ithuel soon placed him beyond their reach altogether; and Cuffe knew that little would be gained, while much might be lost, in making any attempt of this sort on the lugger. Consequently, not a gun was fired; but the result was thrown fairly on the canvass, and on the sailing of the respective vessels.

Such was the state of things at the beginning of this chase. The wind freshened fast, and soon blew a strong breeze; one that drove the ships ahead under clouds of studding-sails and stay-sails, the latter being much used at that period, at the rate of full ten knots the hour. But neither gained on Le Feu-Follet The course was by no means favourable to

her, the wind being well on her quarter; still, she rather gained, than was gained on. All four vessels went off rapidly to the southward, as a matter of course; nor was it long before they were to leeward of the felucca, which had both shortened sail, and hauled up to the eastward, as soon as Ithuel felt satisfied he was not to be followed. After a sufficient time had elapsed, the Holy Michael tacked, and came out of the bay, crossing the wake of the Terpsichore just beyond gun-shot. Of course this manœuvre was seen from the frigate; and the padrone of the felucca tore his hair, threw himself on the quarter-deck, and played many other desperate antics, in the indulgence of his despair, or to excite sympathy, but all in vain: the lieutenant was obstinate, refusing to alter tack or sheet to chase a miserable felucca, with so glorious an object in full view before him as the celebrated lugger of Raoul Yvard. As a matter of course, Ithuel passed out to sea unmolested, and it may as well be said here, that in due time he reached Marseilles in safety, where the felucca was sold, and the Granite-seaman disappeared for a season. There will be occa-

sion to speak of him only once again in this legend.

The trial of speed must soon have satisfied Pintard that he had little to apprehend from his pursuers, even with the breeze there was. But circumstances favoured the lugger. The wind hauled materially to the northward, and, before the sun set, it enabled the French to run off wing-and-wing, still edging from the land. It now began to blow so heavily as to compel the ships to reduce their light canvass. Some time before the night set in, both frigates and the sloop were under main-top-gallant-sails only, with top-mast and lower studding-sails on each side. Le Feu-Follet made no change. Her jigger had been taken in as soon as she kept dead away; and then she dashed ahead, under her two enormous luggs, confident in their powers of endurance. The night was not very dark, but it promised to carry her beyond the vision of her pursuers, even before eight bells, did the present difference in sailing continue.

A stern chase is proverbially a long chase. For one fast vessel to outsail another a single mile in an hour is a great superiority, and even

in such circumstances many hours must elapse before one loses sight of the other by day. The three English ships held way together surprisingly, the Proserpine leading a little; while Le Feu-Follet might possibly have found herself, at the end of a six hours' chase, some four miles in advance of her, three of which she had gained since keeping off wing-and-wing. The lightness of the little craft essentially aided her. The canvass had less weight to drag after it; and Pintard observed that the hull seemed to skim the waves, as soon as the sharp stem had divided them, and the water took the bearings of the vessel. Hour after hour did he sit on the bowsprit, watching her progress; a crest of foam scarce appearing ahead, before it was glittering under the lugger's bottom. Occasionally, a pursuing sea cast the stern upward, as if about to throw it in advance of the bows; but Le Feu-Follet was too much accustomed to this treatment to be disturbed, and she ever rose on the billow like a bubble, and then the glancing arrow scarce surpassed the speed with which she hastened forward, as if to recover lost time.

Cuffe did not quit the deck until the bell struck two in the middle watch: this made it one o'clock. Yelverton and the master kept the watches between them, but the captain was always near with his advice and orders.

"That craft seems faster when she gets her sails wing-and-wing than she is even close-hauled, it seems to me, Yelverton," observed Cuffe, after taking a long look at the chase with a night-glass; "I begin to be afraid we shall lose her. Neither of the other ships does anything to help us. Here we are all three, dead in her wake, following each other like so many old maids going to church of a Sunday morning."

"It *would* have been better, Captain Cuffe, had the Ringdove kept more to the westward, and the frigate further east. Fast as the lugger is with her wings spread, she's faster with them jammed up on a wind. I expect every moment to find her sheering off to the westward, and gradually getting us in *her* wake *on* a wind. I fear we should find that worse work than even this, sir."

"I would not lose her now for a thousand pounds! I do not see what the d—l Dash-

wood was about that he did not secure her, when he got possession of the rocks. I shall rattle him down a little, as soon as we meet."

Cuffe would have been shocked had he known that the body of Sir Frederick Dashwood was, just at that moment, going through the melancholy process of being carried on board a two-decker, up at Naples, the captain of which was his kinsman; but he did not know it, nor did he learn his death for more than a week, or after the body had been interred.

"Take the glass, Yelverton, and look at her. To me she grows very dim—she must be leaving us fast. Be careful to note if there are any signs of an intention to sheer to the westward."

"That can hardly be done without jibing her forward lugg. Hang me, Captain Cuffe, if I can see her at all. Ah! here she is, dead ahead as before, but as dim as a ghost. I can barely make out her canvass: she is still wing-and-wing, d—n her, looking more like the spectre of a craft than a real thing. I lost her in that yaw, sir—I wish you would try, Captain Cuffe. Do my best, I cannot find her again."

. . .

Cuffe did try, but without success. Once, indeed, he fancied he saw her, but further examination satisfied him that it was a mistake. So long had he been gazing at the same object, that it was easy for the illusion to pass before his mind's eye of imagining a dim outline of the little lugger flying away, like the scud of the heavens, wing-and-wing, ever seeming to elude his observation. That night he dreamed of her; and there were haply five minutes during which his wandering thoughts actually portrayed the process of taking possession, and of manning the prize.

Previously to this, however, signals were made to the other ships, ordering them to alter their courses, with a view to meet anticipated changes in that of Le Feu-Follet. Lyon was sent to the westward, the Terpsichore a little easterly, while the Proserpine herself ventured so far as to steer south-west, after two o'clock. But a sudden and violent shift of wind came an hour before day. It was the expected, nay, the announced sirocco, and it brought the lugger to windward beyond all dispute. The south breeze came strong from the first puff; and, while it did not amount to a gale until

the afternoon of the next day, it blew heavily, in squalls, after the first hour.

When the day dawned, the three ships were out of sight of each other. The Proserpine, which we shall accompany, as our old acquaintance, and an actor in what is to succeed, was under double-reefed topsails, with her head up as high as west-south-west, labouring along through the troughs of the seas left by the late Tramontana. The weather was thick, rain and drizzle coming in the squalls, and there were moments when the water could not be seen a cable's length from the ship; at no time was the usual horizon fairly visible. In this manner the frigate struggled ahead, Cuffe unwilling to abandon all hopes of success, and yet seeing little prospect of its accomplishment. The look-outs were aloft, as usual; but it was as much for form as for any great use they were likely to be of, since it was seldom a man could see further from the cross-trees than he could from the deck.

The officers, as well as the men, had breakfasted. A species of sullen discontent pervaded the ship, and the recent kind feelings towards Raoul Yvard had nearly vanished in disap-

pointment. Some began to grumble about the chances of the other ships falling in with the lugger: while others swore "that it mattered not who *saw* her; *catch* her none could, who had not an illicit understanding with the Father of Lies. She was well named the Jack-o'-Lantern; for Jack-o'-Lantern she was, and Jack-o'-Lantern would she ever prove to be. As well might a false fire be followed in a meadow, as such a craft at sea. They might think themselves fortunate, if the officers and people sent against her in the boats ever got back to their own wholesome ship again."

In the midst of such prognostics and complaints, the captain of the fore-top shouted the words 'Sail ho!" The usual inquiry and answer followed, and the officers got a glimpse of the object. The stranger was distant half a league, and he was seen very indistinctly on account of the haze; but seen he *was*.

"'Tis a xebec," growled the master, who was one of the grumblers of the day; "a fellow with his hold crammed with a wine that would cover the handsomest woman's face in Lunnun with wrinkles."

"By Jupiter Ammon!" Cuffe exclaimed,

"'tis the Le Feu-Folly, or I do not know an old acquaintance. Quarter-master hand me the glass—not that, the shorter glass is the best."

"Long or short, you'll never make *that* out," muttered the master. "The Folly has more folly about her than I give her credit for, if *we* get another look at her this summer."

"What do you make of him, Captain Cuffe?" Yelverton eagerly demanded.

"Just what I told you, sir: 'tis the lugger —and—I cannot be mistaken. Ay, by Jove, she is coming down before it, wing-and-wing, again! That's her play, just now, it would seem; and she does not appear to have got enough of it yet."

An attentive look satisfied Yelverton that his commander was right. Even the master had to confess his error, though he did it ungraciously and with reluctance. It was the lugger to a certainty, though so dimly seen as to render it difficult at moments to trace her outlines at all. She was running in a line that would carry her astern of the frigate about a mile, and she was rather more than thrice that distance to windward.

"She cannot see us," said Cuffe thoughtfully. "Beyond a doubt she thinks us to windward, and is endeavouring to get out of our neighbourhood. We must get round, gentlemen; and now is a favourable moment. Tack ship at once, Mr. Yelverton: I think she'll do it."

The experiment was made, and it succeeded. The Proserpine worked beautifully, and Yelverton knew how to humour her to a nicety. In five minutes the ship was round, with everything trimmed on the other tack; —close-reefed mizen, and double-reefed fore and main-top-sails; a reefed main-sail, with other sails to suit. As she was kept a rap full, or a little off, indeed, to prevent the lugger from slipping past, she might have gone from five to six knots.

The next five minutes were intensely interesting to the people of the Proserpine. The weather became thicker, and all traces of Le Feu-Follet were lost. Still, when last seen, she was wing-and-wing, flying rather than sailing, down towards their own track. By Cuffe's calculation, the two vessels would nearly meet in less than a quarter of an hour, should

neither alter her course. Several guns were got ready, in preparation for such a rencontre.

"Let the weather hold thick a few minutes longer, and we have her!" cried Cuffe. "Mr. Yelverton, you must go down and see to those guns yourself. Plump it right into her, if you 're ordered to fire. The fellow has no hamper, and stripping him must be a matter of pure accident. Make it too hot for him on deck, and he 'll have to give up, Raoul Yvard, or the d—l!"

"There she is, sir!" shouted a midshipman from a cat-head; for everybody who dared had crowded forward to get an early look at the chase.

There she was sure enough, wing-and-wing, as before. The dullness of the lugger's look-outs have never been explained, as a matter of course; but it was supposed, when all the circumstances came to be known, that most of her people were asleep, to recover from the recent extraordinary fatigue, and a night in which all hands had been kept on deck in readiness to make sail, the vessel having but some thirty souls in her. At length the frigate was seen, the weather light-

ing, and it was not an instant too soon. The two vessels at that critical instant were about half a mile apart, Le Feu-Follet bearing directly off the Proserpine's weather-bow. In the twinkling of an eye the former jibed; then she was seen coming to the wind, losing sufficient ground in doing so to bring her just in a range with the two weather chase-guns. Cuffe instantly gave the order to open a fire.

"What the d—l has got into her?" exclaimed the captain; "she topples like a mock mandarin,—she used to be as stiff as a church! What can it mean, sir?"

The master did not know; but we may say that the lugger was too light for so much canvass in such heavy weather, and there was not time to shorten sail. She lurched heavily under the sea that was now getting up, and, a squall striking her, her lee-guns were completely buried. Just at this moment the Proserpine belched forth her flame and smoke. The shot could not be followed, and no one knew where they struck. Four had been fired, when a squall succeeded that shut in the chase, and of course the firing was suspended. So severe was this momentary effort of the

African gales, hot, drowsy, and deadening as they are, that the Proserpine started her mizen-top-sail sheets, and clewed up her main-course to save the spar. But the tack was instantly boarded again, and the top-sail set. A gleam of sunshine succeeded; but the lugger had disappeared!

The sun did not remain visible, and that faintly, but a minute; still the eye could range several miles for thrice that period. After this the horizon became more limited, but no squall occurred for a quarter of an hour. When the lugger was missed, the Proserpine was heading up within half a point of the spot at which she was supposed to be. In a short time she drove past this point, perhaps a hundred fathoms to leeward of it. Here she tacked, and, stretching off a sufficient distance to the southward and westward, came round again, and, heading up east-south-east, was thought to sweep along over the empty track. Not a sign of the missing vessel was discovered. The sea had swallowed all, lugger, people, and hamper. It was supposed that, owing to the fact that so many light articles had been left on the rocks, nothing remained to float. All

had accompanied Le Feu-Follet to the bottom. Of boats there were none, these being at the islet of the ruins; and, if any seaman swam off in the desperate attempt to save his life in the midst of the cauldron of waters, he did not succeed, or was overlooked by the English in their search. The latter, indeed, may have miscalculated their distances, and not have passed within a cable's length of the place where the victims, if any such there were, still struggled for existence.

Cuffe, and all around him, were forcibly struck with so unlooked-for and so dire a calamity. The loss of a vessel, under such circumstances, produces an effect like a sudden death among companions. It is a fate all may meet with, and it induces reflection and sadness. Still the English did not give up the hope of rescuing some unfortunate wretch clinging to a spar, or supporting himself by supernatural efforts for several hours. At noon, however, the ship squared away, and ran for Naples before the wind, being drawn aside from her course by another chase, in which she succeeded better, capturing a sloop-of-war, which she carried in several days later.

The first act of Cuffe on anchoring in the fleet was to go on board the Foudroyant, and report himself and his proceedings to the rear-admiral. Nelson had heard nothing of the result, beyond what had occurred at the islets, and the separation of the ships.

"Well, Cuffe," said he, reaching out his remaining hand kindly to his old Agamemnon as the other entered the cabin, "the fellow has got off after all! It has been a bad business altogether; but we must make the best of it. Where do you fancy the lugger to be?"

Cuffe explained what had happened, and put into the admiral's hand an official letter explaining his recent success. With the last, Nelson was pleased; at the first, surprised. After a long, thoughtful pause, he went into the after-cabin, and returned, throwing a small jack-like flag on the floor.

"As Lyon was cruising about," he said, "and his sloop was pitching her cat-heads under, this thing was washed upon a spare anchor, where it stuck. It 's a queer flag. Can it have had any connexion with the lugger?"

Cuffe looked, and he immediately recognized the little *ala-e-ala* jack which the Italians had described to him in their many conversations. It was the only vestige that was ever found of the Wing-and-Wing.

CHAPTER XI.

How beautiful is sorrow, when 'tis drest
By virgin innocence! It makes
Felicity in others seem deformed.

DAVENANT.

We must return to the rocks, and the melancholy scene they offered. Our purposes will be answered, however, by advancing the time into the evening, omitting many things that the reader can imagine, without our relating them.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Andrea Barrofaldi and Vito Viti took no part in the bloody transactions we have related. When all was over, however, they drew near to the rocks, and, sitting in their boat, contemplating the sad spectacle presented within the narrow compass of the islet of the ruins, the following short dialogue occurred between them.

"Vice-governatore," demanded the podestà, pointing to the place where Sir Frederick lay,

a motionless corpse, Raoul bleeding, and others were writhing under their wounds, "do you call this reality, or is it a part of that damnable doctrine, which is enough to set the whole earth by the ears, and to turn men into tigers and hawks?"

"I fear, neighbour Vito, this will only prove too true. I see the bodies of Sir Dashwood and Sir Smees; and God knows how many more have this day departed for the world of spirits."

"Leaving behind them only a world of shadows," muttered Vito Viti, even that melancholy spectacle failing to draw his thoughts altogether from a discussion which had now lasted near four-and-twenty hours. But the moment was not propitious to argument, and the two Italians landed. This was within half-an-hour after the struggle had ceased; and our intentions are to advance the time to the moment mentioned in the opening of this chapter.

We must give here, however, a rapid sketch of the proceedings that narrowed down the view to that we intend shortly to lay before the reader. As soon as there was leisure,

Winchester made a survey of the field of battle. He found many of his own men slain, and more wounded. Of the French on the islet, quite half were hurt; but the mortal wound received by their leader was the blow that all lamented. The surgeon soon pronounced Raoul's case to be hopeless; and this declaration was heard with regret even by generous enemies. The defence had been desperate; it would have succeeded, had it been within the scope of possibility for so few courageous men to repel double their numbers of those who were equally brave. Both sides had fought for honour; and, when this is the case, victory generally awaits the strongest.

As soon as it was perceived that all the ships were likely to be led far to leeward in chase, the English officers felt the necessity of acting for themselves. The medical men had been busy from the first, and in the course of a couple of hours all had been done for the wounded that present circumstances would allow. The amputations were few, and, each vessel having sent a surgeon, these were all made; while the other appliances had been successfully used in such cases as would be bene-

fited by them. The day was drawing near a close, and the distance from the fleet was so great as to call for exertion.

As soon, therefore, as the uninjured men were refreshed, and the wounded cared for, the latter were put into the launches, in the best manner they might be, and the cutters took them in tow. One had no sooner received its melancholy freight than it left the islets on its way to the hospital-ship of the fleet; the others succeeded in turn: the unhurt French willingly offering to assist in the performance of this pious duty. At length but three boats remained. One was Sir Frederick's gig, which Winchester had kept for his own particular use; another was the yawl of Andrea Barrofaldi; and the third, the little craft in which Carlo Giuntotardi had come from the shore. Of the French, no one remained but the surgeon of the lugger, Raoul's steward and personal attendant, and Raoul himself. If to these be added the two Italians and their oarsmen, Carlo and his niece, with Winchester and his boat's crew, we enumerate all who now remained at the rocks.

By this time the sun had sunk below the adjacent hills, and it was necessary to decide

on some course. Winchester consulted the surgeon as to the expediency of removing his patient. Could it be done, it had better be done soon.

"*Mons. lieutenant*," answered this personage a little drily, "*mon brave capitaine* has but a short time to live. He has entreated to be left here on the scene of his glory, and in the company of that female whom he so well loved: *mais*, you are the victors"—shrugging his shoulders—"and you will do your own pleasure."

Winchester coloured and bit his lips. The idea of torturing Raoul, either in body or mind, was the last intention of one so humane; but he felt indignant at the implied suspicion. Commanding himself, notwithstanding, he bowed courteously, and intimated that he would remain himself with his prisoner until all were over. The Frenchman was surprised; and, when he read the sympathy of the other in the expression of his countenance, he felt regret for his own distrust, and still more at having expressed it.

"*Mais, Monsieur*," he answered, "night will soon come: you may have to pass it on the rocks."

"And if we do, doctor, it is no more than we seamen are used to. Boat-service is common duty with us. I have only to wrap myself in my cloak, to enjoy a seaman's comfort."

This settled the matter, and no more was said. The surgeon, a man accustomed to the exercise of such resources, soon managed to make his dispositions for the final scene. In clearing the lugger, a hundred light articles had been thrown on the islet on which she had touched, and among others were several rude mattresses of the seamen. Two or three of these were procured, placed on the smoothest surface of the rock, and a bed formed for Raoul. The medical man, and the seamen, would have erected a tent with a sail; but this the wounded man forbade.

"Let me breathe the free air," he said; "I shall use but little of it: let that little be free."

It was useless to oppose such a wish, nor was there any motive for it. The air was pure, and little need be apprehended from the night, in behalf of Ghita, surrounded as they were by the pure waters of the ocean. Even when the Tramontana came, although

it was cool, its coolness was not unpleasant, the adjacent hill sheltering the islets from its immediate influence.

The English seamen collected some fuel from the spare spars of the lugger, and lighted a fire on the rock where they had been found. Food of all sorts was abundant, and several casks of water had been struck out whole, as provision against a siege. Here they made coffee, and cooked enough food for the wants of all the party. The distance prevented their disturbing those who remained near Raoul; while the light of the fire, which was kept in a cheerful blaze, cast a picturesque glow upon the group around the dying man as soon as the night had fairly set in. It superseded, too, the necessity of any lamps or torches.

We pass over all the first outpourings of Ghita's anguish when she learned the wound of Raoul, her many and fervent prayers, and the scenes which took place during the time that the islet was still crowded with the combatants. More quiet hours succeeded when these last were gone; and, as the night advanced, something like the fixed tranquillity

of settled despair followed the first emotions. When ten o'clock arrived, we reach the moment at which we wish to raise the curtain once more, in order to present the principal actors in the scene.

Raoul lay on the summit of the islet, where his eye could range over the mild waters that washed the rock, and his ear listen to the murmuring of his own element. The Tramontana, as usual, had driven all perceptible vapour from the atmosphere; and the vault of heaven in its cerulean blue, and spangled with thousands of stars, stretched itself above him, a glorious harbinger for the future to one who died in hope. The care of Ghita and the attendants had collected around the spot so many little comforts as to give it the air of a room suddenly divested of sides and ceiling, but habitable and useful. Winchester, fatigued with his day's work, and mindful of the wish that Raoul might so naturally feel to be alone with Ghita, had lain down on a mattress, leaving orders to be called should anything occur; while the surgeon, conscious that he could do no more, had imitated his example, making a similar request. As for Carlo Giun-

totardi, he seldom slept; he was at his prayers in the ruins. Andrea and the podestà paced the rock to keep themselves warm, slightly regretting the sudden burst of humanity which had induced them to remain.

Raoul and Ghita were alone. The former lay on his back, his head bolstered, and his face upturned towards the vault of heaven. The pain was over, and life was ebbing fast. Still the mind was unshackled, and thought busy as ever. His heart was still full of Ghita; though his extraordinary situation, and more especially the glorious view before his eyes, blended certain pictures of the future with his feelings which were as novel as he found them powerful.

With Ghita it was different. As a woman, she had felt the force of this sudden blow in a manner that she found difficult to bear. Still, she blessed God, that what had occurred happened in her presence, as it might be; leaving her the means of acting, and the efficacy of prayer. To say that she did not yet feel the liveliest love for Raoul, all that tenderness which constitutes so large a portion of woman's nature, would be untrue; but her mind was

now made up to the worst, and her thoughts were of another state of being.

A long pause had occurred, in which Raoul remained steadfastly gazing at the starry canopy above.

"It is remarkable, Ghita," he said at length, "that I, Raoul Yvard—the corsair—the man of wars and tempests—fierce combats, and hair-breadth escapes—should be dying here, on this rock, with all those stars looking down upon me, as it might be, from your heaven, seeming to smile upon me!"

"Why not *your* heaven, as well as mine, Raoul?" Ghita answered tremulously. "It is as vast as He who dwells in it—whose throne it is—and can contain all who love Him, and seek his mercy."

"Dost thou think one like me would be received into his presence, Ghita?"

"Do not doubt it: free from all error and weakness Himself, his Holy Spirit delights in the penitent and the sorrowful. Oh! dearest, dearest Raoul, if thou *wouldst* but pray!"

A gleam, like that of triumph, glowed on the face of the wounded man; and Ghita, in the intensity of her expectation, rose and stood

over him, her own features filled with a momentary hope.

"Mon Feu-Follet!" exclaimed Raoul, letting the tongue reveal the transient thought which brought the gleam of triumph to his countenance; "thou, at least, hast escaped! These English will not count thee among their victims, and glut their eyes on thy charming proportions!"

Ghita felt a chill at her heart. She fell back on her seat, and continued watching her lover's countenance with a feeling of despair, though inextinguishable tenderness was still crowding around her soul. Raoul heard the movement; and, turning his head, he gazed at the girl for full a minute, with a portion of that intense admiration that used to gleam from his eyes in happier moments.

"It is better as it is, Ghita," said he, "than that I should live without thee. Fate has been kind in thus ending my misery."

"Oh, Raoul! there is no fate, but the holy will of God. Deceive not thyself at this awful moment; but bow down thy proud spirit in humility, and turn to Him for succour!"

"Poor Ghita!—Well, thine is not the only

innocent mind, by millions, which hath been trammelled by priests; and, I suppose, what hath commenced with the beginning will last till the end."

"The beginning and the end are both God, Raoul. Since the commencement of time hath He established laws which have brought about the trials of thy life — the sadness of this very hour."

"And dost thou think He will pardon all thy care of one so unworthy?"

Ghita bowed her head to the mattress over which she leaned, and buried her face in her hands. When the minute of prayer that succeeded was over, and her face was again raised with the flush of feeling tempered by innocence on it, Raoul was lying on his back, his eyes riveted again on the vault of heaven. His professional pursuits had led him farther into the study of astronomy than comported with his general education; and, addicted to speculation, its facts had often seized upon his fancy, though they had failed to touch his heart. Hitherto, indeed, he had fallen into the common error of limited research, and found a confirmation of his suspicions in the assumed

grasp of his own reason. The dread moment that was so near could not fail of its influence, however; and that unknown future over which he hung, as it might be, suspended by a hair, inevitably led his mind into an inquiry after the unknown God.

"Dost thou know, Ghita," he asked, "that the learned of France tell us that all yonder bright stars are worlds, peopled most probably like this of our own, and to which the earth appears but as a star itself, and that too of no great magnitude?"

"And what is this, Raoul, to the power and majesty of Him who created the universe? Ah! think not of the things of his hand, but of Him who made them."

"Hast thou ever heard, my poor Ghita, that the mind of man hath been able to invent instruments to trace the movements of all these worlds, and hath power even to calculate their wanderings with accuracy for ages to come?"

"And dost *thou* know, my poor Raoul, what this mind of man is?"

"A part of his nature, the highest quality —that which maketh him the lord of earth."

"His highest quality, and that which

maketh him lord of earth in one sense truly; but, after all, a mere fragment—a spot on the width of the heavens—of the Spirit of God himself. It is in this sense that he hath been made in the image of his Creator."

"Thou think'st then, Ghita, that man is God, after all."

"Raoul, Raoul! if thou wouldst not see me die with thee, interpret not my words in this manner."

"Would it then be so hard to quit life in my company, Ghita? To me it would seem supreme felicity, were our places to be changed."

"To go whither? hast thou bethought thee of this, my beloved?"

Raoul answered not for some time; his eyes were fastened on a bright star, and a tumult of thought began to crowd upon his brain. There are moments in the life of every man when the mental vision obtains clearer views of remote conclusions, equally in connexion with the past and the future, as there are days when an atmosphere purer than common more readily gives up its objects to the physical organs, leaving the mind momentarily the mas-

ter, almost without control. One of these gleams of truth passed over the faculties of the dying man, and it could not be altogether without its fruits. Raoul's soul was agitated by novel sensations.

"Do thy priests fancy that they who have known and loved each other in this life," he asked, "will know and love each other in that which they fancy is to come?"

"The life that is to come, Raoul, is one all love, or one all hatred. That we may know each other, I try to hope; nor do I see any reason for disbelieving it. My uncle is of opinion it must be so."

"Thy uncle, Ghita? what, Carlo Giuntotardi—he who seemeth never to think of things around him—doth a mind like his dwell on thoughts as remote and sublime as this?"

"Little dost thou know or understand him, Raoul. His mind seldom ceases to dwell on thoughts like these; this is the reason why earth and all it contains seem so indifferent."

Raoul made no answer; but, appearing to suffer under the pain of his wound, the feelings of woman so far prevailed over Ghita's tender nature that she had not the heart to press even

his salvation on him at such a moment. She offered him soothing drinks, and nursed him with unabated care; and, when there seemed to be a cessation to his sufferings, she again passed minutes on her knees, her whole soul absorbed in his future welfare. An hour passed in this manner; all on or near the rock sleeping, overcome by fatigue, but Ghita and the dying man.

"That star haunts me, Ghita!" Raoul at length muttered. "If it be really a world, some all-powerful hand must have created it; chance never made a world, more than chance made a ship. Thought, mind, intelligence must have governed at the formation of one, as well as of the other."

For months Ghita had not known an instant so happy as that. It appeared as if the mind of Raoul were about to extricate itself from the shallow philosophy so much in fashion, and which had hitherto deadened a nature so kind, an intellect ordinarily so clear. Could his thoughts but once take the right direction, she had strong confidence in the distinctness of their views, but most of all in the goodness of the Deity.

"Raoul," she whispered, "God is there, as He is with us on this rock. His Spirit is everywhere. Bless Him;—bless Him in thy soul, my beloved, and be for ever happy!"

Raoul answered not. His face was upturned, and his eye still remained riveted on that particular star. Ghita would not disturb him, but, taking his hand in hers, she once more knelt and resumed her prayers. Minute passed after minute, and neither seemed disposed to speak. At length Ghita became woman again, and bethought her of her patient's bodily wants. It was time to administer the liquids of the surgeon, and she advanced to hold them to his lips. The eye was still fastened on the star, but the lips did not meet her with the customary smile of love. They were compressed, as when the body was about to mingle in the strife of a battle, a sort of stern resolution being settled on them. Raoul Yvard was dead.

The discovery of the truth was a fearful moment to Ghita: not a living being near her had the consciousness of her situation, all being bound in the sleep of the weary. The first feeling was that which belonged to her sex. She threw herself on the body, and

embraced it wildly, giving way to those pent-up emotions, which her lover, in his moody humours, was wont to accuse her of not possessing. She kissed the forehead, the cheeks, the pallid stern lips of the dead, and for a time there was the danger that her own spirit might pass away in the paroxysm of her grief. But it was morally impossible for Ghita to remain long under the influence of despair. Her gentle spirit had communed too long and too closely with her Heavenly Father not to resort to his support in all the critical moments of life. She prayed for the tenth time that night, and arose from her knees calm, if not absolutely resigned.

The situation of Ghita was now as wildly picturesque as it was moving to her inmost spirit. All around her still slept, and that, to the eye, as profoundly as he, who was only to rise again when the sea and the land give up their dead. The excitement and exertions of the past day produced their reaction, and seldom did sleep exercise a more profound influence. The fire was still burning bright on the islet of the gig-men, casting its rays fairly athwart the ruins, the different sleepers

in them, and the immovable body of the dead. At moments, gusts of the Tramontana, which was now blowing fresh, descended so low as to fan the flames, when the glare that succeeded seemed to give a startling reality to all that surrounded the place.

Still, Ghita was too highly sustained to be moved with anything but her loss, and her restless inquietude for the departed spirit. She saw that even her uncle slept, leaving her truly alone with Raoul. Once a feeling of desertion came over her, and she was inclined to arouse some of the sleepers. She did approach the spot where the surgeon lay, and her hand was raised to stir him, when a flash of light shot athwart the pallid countenance of Raoul, and she perceived that his eyes were still open. Drawing near, she bent over the body, gazing long and wistfully into those windows of the soul, that had so often beamed on her in manly tenderness, and she felt like a miser, with his hoarded gold, unwilling to share it with any other.

Throughout the livelong night did Ghita watch by the body of her well-beloved, now hanging over it with a tenderness no change

could extinguish, now besieging heaven with her prayers. Not one awoke, to interfere with the strange, happiness she felt in those pious offices, or to wound her sensibilities by the surprise or the sneers of the vulgar. Ere the day came, she closed the eyes of Raoul with her own hands, covered his body with a French ensign that lay upon the rock, and sat patient and resigned, awaiting the moment when some of the others might be ready to aid her in performing the last pious offices in behalf of the dead. As a Romanist, she found a holy consolation in that beautiful portion of her Church's creed, which admits of unceasing petition for the souls of the departed, even to the latest hour of earthly things.

Winchester was the first to stir. Starting up he appeared to be astonished at the situation in which he found himself, but a glance around told the whole truth. Advancing towards Ghita, he was about to inquire after the welfare of Raoul, when, struck by the expression of her seraphic countenance, he turned to the body, and read the truth in the appropriate pall. It was no time for self-upbraidings or for reproaches to others; but,

arousing the sleepers in a subdued and respectful manner, he gave to the place the quiet and seeming sanctity of a chapel.

Carlo Giuntotardi, soon after, begged the dead body from the conquerors. There was no motive for denying the request, and it was placed in a boat, and towed to the shore, accompanied by all who had remained. The heavy sirocco that soon succeeded drove the waves athwart the islet of the ruins, effectually erasing its stains of blood, and sweeping every trace of Le Feu-Follet, and of the recent events, into the sea.

At the foot of the Scaricatojo the seamen constructed a rude bier, and thus they bore the dead up that wild and yet lovely precipice, persevering in their good work until they reached the cottage of Carlo Giuntotardi's sister. A little procession accompanied the body from the first; and, Ghita being universally known and respected among the simple inhabitants of those heights, when it entered the street of St. Agata, it had grown into a line which included a hundred believers.

The convent, the empty buildings of which still crown the summit of one of the adjacent

hills, was then in existence as a religious community; and the influence of Carlo Giuntotardi was sufficient to procure its offices in behalf of the dead. For three days and nights did the body of Raoul Yvard, the unbeliever, lie in the chapel of that holy fraternity, his soul receiving the benefit of masses; and then it was committed to holy ground, to await the summons of the last trump.

There is a strange disposition in the human breast to withhold praise from a man when living, which is freely accorded to him when dead. Although we believe that envy, and its attendant evil, detraction, are peculiarly democratic vices, meaning thereby that democracy is the most fertile field in which these human failings luxuriate, yet is there much reason to think that our parent nation is preeminent in the exhibition of the peculiarity first mentioned. That which subsequently awaited Napoleon, after his imprisonment and death, was now exhibited in the case of Raoul Yvard, on a scale suited to his condition and renown. From being detested in the English fleet, he became honoured and extolled. Now that he was dead and harmless, his seaman-

ship could be praised, his chivalry emulated, his courage glorified. Winchester, M'Bean, O'Leary, and Clinch attended his funeral, quite as a matter of course. They had proved themselves worthy to be there; but many others insisted on being of the party. Some came to get a last look of so celebrated an adventurer, even in his coffin; others to say that they had been present; and not a few to catch a glimpse of the girl, whose romantic but innocent passion had become the subject of much discourse in the ships. The result was such a procession, and such funeral honours, as threw the quiet little hamlet of St. Agata into commotion. All noted the particulars, and all were pleased but Ghita. On her, these tardy compliments failed of their effect, her soul being engrossed with the great care of petitioning heaven in behalf of the deceased.

Andrea Barrofaldi and Vito Viti, too, figured on this occasion; the latter taking care to let all who would listen understand how closely he had been connected with "Sir Smees," no longer viewed as an impostor, but honoured as a hero. He even created a little difficulty in claiming a precedency for the *toga* over

arms on the occasion; well knowing, that, if the vice-governatore got a conspicuous place in the ceremony, the podestà could not fail to be near at hand. The matter was settled entirely to Andrea's satisfaction, if not to that of his friend.

To confess the truth, Nelson was not sorry for what had occurred. When he learned the desperate nature of Raoul's defence, and heard some traits of his liberal conduct on various occasions, he felt a generous regret at his death; but he thought even this preferable to escape. When Cuffe got in, and brought the report of the lugger's fate, though he would have preferred her capture, the common sentiment settled down into a feeling that both lugger and commander had fared as well as a privateer and her people usually merited.

As a matter of course, those concerned in the capture, and who survived the affair, reaped some advantages from their success. England seldom fails in the duty of conferring rewards, more especially in her marine. When Cook returned from his renowned voyages, it was not to meet with persecution and neglect, but credit and justice. Nelson

knew how to appreciate that spirit and enterprise, which were so often exercised by himself. As for Sir Frederick Dashwood, little could be done besides giving his name an honourable place on the list of those who had fallen in battle. His heir wore mourning, seemed filled with sorrow, and inwardly rejoiced at being a baronet with some thousands a year. Lyon got his ship, and from that moment he ceased to consider the chase and all connected with Le Feu-Follet an unprofitable thing. Airchy followed him to the Terpsichore, with visions of prize-money before his eyes, which were tolerably realized in the course of the succeeding five years.

Winchester was promoted into the Ringdove, and Griffin became first of the Proserpine. This, of course, made Yelverton second, and left one vacancy. Thus far the orders had been made out, when Cuffe dined with the Admiral, by invitation, *tête-à-tête.*

"One of my objects in having you here to-day, Cuffe," observed Nelson, as they sat together over their wine, the cabin cleared, "was to say something about the vacant berth in your gun-room; and the other was, to beg

a master's-mate of you, in behalf of Berry. You remember that some of your people were received on board here, before you got in, the other day?"

"I do, my lord; and I meant to make my acknowledgments for the favour. The poor fellows had a warm time of it at the rocks, and deserved comfortable berths after it was over."

"I believe we gave them as much; at least, I know few suffer in this ship. Well, there was a mate among them, who is a little advanced, and who is likely to stick where he is, by what I learn. We want just such a man for the hold, and I have promised my captain to speak to you about him. Don't let him go, if there's any reason for wishing to retain him: but we have three seamen ready to exchange against him; good fellows, too, they tell me."

Cuffe picked some nuts, and appeared a little at a loss for a reply. Nelson saw this, and he fancied the other reluctant to give up his mate.

"Well, I see how it is," said he, smiling. "We must do without him, and you will

keep your Mr. Clinch. A thorough officer in a ship's hold is an advantage not to be thrown away; and I suppose, if Hotham had asked such a thing of old Agamemnon, he might have whistled for the favour. The deuce is in it, if we do not get as good a mate somewhere!"

"It 's not that, my lord; you 're welcome to the man, though a better, in his station, cannot be had. But I was in hopes his recent good conduct, and his long services, might give him a lift into the vacant gun-room berth."

The Admiral appeared surprised, while he did not seem to be exactly pleased.

"It has a hard look, I grant you, Cuffe, to keep a poor devil ten or fifteen years in the same station; and this, too, after he has served long enough for a commission. I was a captain ten years younger than this Mr. Clinch must be to-day, and it does *seem* hard; and yet I doubt not it is just. I have rarely known a midshipman or a mate passed over in this way, that there was not some great fault at the bottom. We must think of the service, as well as of generosity."

"I confess all this, my lord; and yet I did hope poor Clinch's delinquencies would at length be forgotten."

"If there are any particular reasons for it, I should like to hear them."

Cuffe now related all that had passed between himself and the master's-mate, taking care to give Jane a due place in his history. Nelson began to twitch the stump of his arm, and, by the time the story was told, Clinch's promotion was settled. An order was sent forthwith to the secretary to make out the orders, and Cuffe carried them back with him to the Proserpine that night, when he returned to his own ship.

All Nelson's promotions were confirmed by the Admiralty, pretty much as a matter of course. Among others was that of Clinch, who now became the junior lieutenant of the Proserpine. This elevation awakened new feelings within him. He dressed better; refrained from the bottle; paid more attention to his mind; improved in manners, by keeping better company; and in the course of the next twelvemonth had made rapid advances towards respectability. At the end of that time the

ship was sent home; and Jane, in her imagination at least, received the reward of all her virtuous constancy, by becoming his wife. Nor did Cuffe cease his friendly offices here. He succeeded in getting Clinch put in command of a cutter, in which he captured a privateer, after a warm action, within a month. This success procured him a gun-brig, and with her he was still more fortunate; actually cutting out, with her boats, a French sloop-of-war, that was not half-manned, it is true, but which was still considered a handsome prize. For this affair he got the sloop; thus demonstrating the caprice of fortune, by whose means he found himself a commander in less than three years after he had been a mate. Here he stuck, however, for a long time, until he got another sloop in fair fight, when he was posted. From that moment we have lost sight of him.

Cuffe, being sent into the Gulf of Genoa shortly after, seized the opportunity to restore the vice-governatore and his friend to their native island. The fame of their deeds had preceded them, exaggerated, as a matter of course, by the tongue of rumour. It was

understood that the two Elbans were actually in the fight in which Raoul Yvard fell; and, there being no one to deny it, many even believed that Vito Viti, in particular, had killed the corsair with his own hand. A discreet forbearance on the part of the podestà always kept the matter so completely involved in mystery, that we question if any traveller who should visit the island, even at this day, would be able to learn more than we now tell the reader. In a word, the podestà for ever after passed for a hero, through one of those mysterious processes by which men sometimes reach fame; quite as much, perhaps, to their own astonishment as to the surprise of everybody else.

As for Ithuel, he did not appear in America for many years. When he did return, he came back with several thousand dollars; how obtained no one knew, nor did he choose to enter into particulars. He now married a widow, and settled in life. In due time he "experienced religion," and, at this moment, is an active abolitionist, a patron of the temperance cause, tee-totally, and a general terror to evil-doers, under the appellation of Deacon Bolt.

It was very different with the meek, pious, and single-minded Ghita; though one was even a Roman Catholic, and the other a Protestant, and that, too, of the Puritan school. Our heroine had little of this world left to live for. She continued, however, to reside with her uncle until his days were numbered; and then she retired to a convent, not so much to comply with any religious superstitions, as to be able to pass her time uninterrupted in repeating prayers for the soul of Raoul. To her latest hour, and she lived until very recently, did this pure-minded creature devote herself to what she believed to be the eternal welfare of the man who had so interwoven himself with her virgin affections, as to threaten at one time to disturb the just ascendancy of the dread Being who had created her.

THE END.

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